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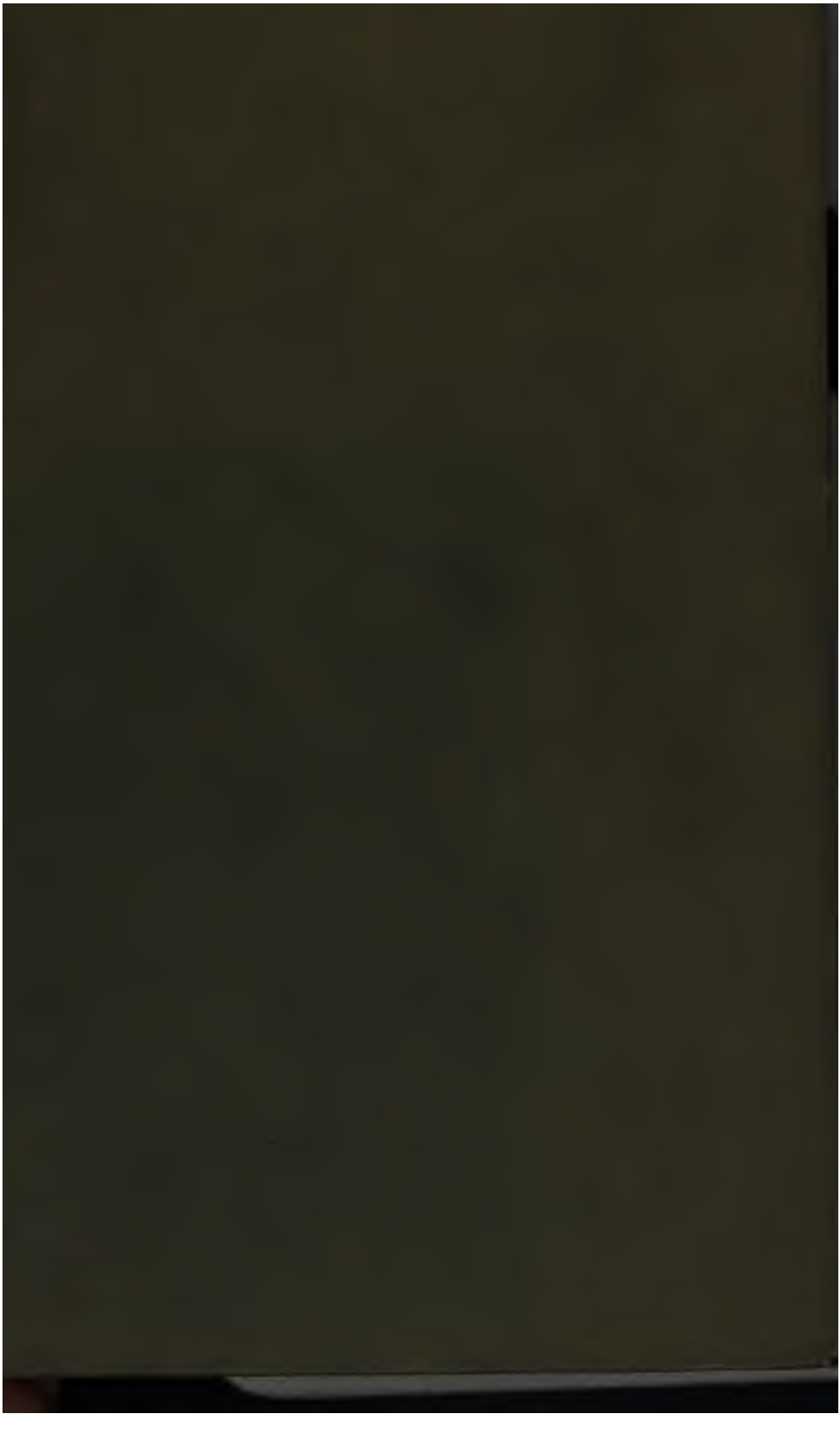

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART V.

THE WINTERS TALE:

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND RELATIVE LISTS.

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.
LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS & COMPANY.
MDCCCLXXIX.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

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(Hamnet filius William Shakspeare)

THE Winters Tale, as it appears in the First Folio, and is reproduced in the present Edition, shews more than twice the number of Emphasis-Capitals that is possessed by any other of Shakspere's Comedies, a singularity which we shall presently endeavour to account for. By those of our readers who hold with us that they are author-licensed and trustworthy guides, such an abundance of these will be regarded as a kind of fortune, and they will freely acknowledge, after perusal of this work in its original form, that the meaning of the Poet has, by the aid of these Capitals, been occasionally revealed, and in all instances intensified, and that in reading or reciting its language, having careful regard to them, they feel confidently that they do so, at least in so far as injected thought is concerned, as the Master himself must have done, when audibly testing his dramatic creations in his closet, reading them to private friends or fellow actors, or bearing his part of them before the Court or Public.

In addition to its affluence of this kind, there are special circumstances connected with The Winters Tale, which increases our interest in it: there being, we think, among other things, historical and internal evidence sufficient to support the belief that this Play formed the last-printed portion of the First Folio, and that the Manuscript then used in the Press-room, was one of the Poet's own fastidiously-particular and scarcely blotted papers,—still unworn and untampered with,—and that there has been, on the part of the Printers, a notably scrupulous attention to it, containing as it does, a great many minute peculiarities,—unusual contractions, extreme niceties in punctuation, single words in brackets, apostrophes representing entire words, parentheses within parentheses, &c.,—through all which we may get a notion of the man's way of writing down and transcribing his compositions, and be assisted, so far, towards realizing him, seated at his quiet study-desk.

As we shall have frequent necessity to refer to the facts exhibited by it, we here reprint, from the Tables embodied in our Introduction to Part IV., that portion of them which applies to the Comedies.

EMPHASIS-CAPITALS LOST BY THE COMEDIES DURING COURSE OF THE THREE AFTER FOLIOS—1632, 1664, AND 1685.

PLAY.	Its Number of Lines.	Its No. of Emphasis-Capitals in First Folio.	Of Original Emphasis-Capitals Dropped.			Joint Loss by Each Play.
			By Second Folio.	By Third Folio.	By Fourth Folio.	
The Tempest,	2333	722	61	12	43	116
The Two Gentlemen of Verona,	2241	512	55	29	42	126
*The Merry Wives of Windsor,	2661	750	47	31	27	105
Measure for Measure,	2855	589	84	10	58	152
The Comedy of Errors,	1849	306	22	3	10	35
*Much Ado about Nothing,	2626	165	21	6	14	41
*Love's Labour Lost,	2833	750	25	27	43	95
*Midsummer Nights Dream,	2130	453	5	13	16	34
*The Merchant of Venice,	2655	387	10	9	10	29
As You Like it,	2780	504	16	13	23	52
The Taming of the Shrew,	2644	281	11	30	30	71
All is Well, that Ends Well,	2975	348	19	18	20	57
Twelfth Night, or what you will,	2468	371	8	25	11	44
The Winters Tale,	3309	1834	105	219	230	554

EMPHASIS-CAPITALS GAINED BY THE COMEDIES DURING COURSE OF THE THREE AFTER FOLIOS—1632, 1664, AND 1685.

PLAY.	Its No. of Emphasis-Capitals in First Folio.	New Emphasis-Capitals Found.			Joint amount of New Emphasis-Capitals in each Play.	Joint Number of Original and Added Emphasis-Caps. to each Play.
		In Second Folio.	In Third Folio.	In Fourth Folio.		
The Tempest,	722	14	62	110	186	908
The Two Gentlemen of Verona,	512	58	31	361	450	962
*The Merry Wives of Windsor,	750	100	73	239	412	1162
Measure for Measure,	589	82	24	215	321	910
The Comedy of Errors,	306	26	58	117	201	507
*Much Ado about Nothing,	165	31	50	73	154	319
*Love's Labour Lost,	750	84	45	277	406	1156
*Midsummer Nights Dream,	453	7	56	278	341	794
*The Merchant of Venice,	387	7	161	283	451	838
As You Like it,	504	7	61	137	205	709
The Taming of the Shrew,	281	9	122	168	299	580
All is Well, that Ends Well,	348	9	65	170	244	592
Twelfth Night, or what you will,	371	64	28	167	259	630
The Winters Tale,	1834	7	77	95	179	2013

The foregoing Tables,—in which the Plays follow the order of the Index or "Catalogue," as it is there called, of the First Folio, and where we have distinguished by an asterisk the five Comedies which had been published before 1623,—show us three things:—

FIRST. That The Winters Tale is THE LONGEST of all the Comedies.

SECOND. That in regard to Emphasis-Capitals, it, as it appears in the First Folio, stands QUITE BY ITSELF, having more than double the number of these contained in any other of the Comedies; and

THIRD. That notwithstanding this importance in length and particular noting for Emphasis, it holds in the Original Index THE LAST place.

As to its length, we may here remark that it is eighth highest among Shakspere's Works of every class. The highest eight run as follow:—Hamlet, 3,834 lines; Coriolanus, 3,783; Richard the Third, 3,696; Cymbeline, 3,682; Othello, 3,593; Troilus and Cressida, 3,524; Anthony and Cleopatra, 3,475; and The Winters Tale, 3,309; and we may take this opportunity of stating,—although in a future Part of our work we purpose devoting some attention to the point, as Shakspere had obviously a good reason for his irregular lines,—that the lining of the First Folio, and that of the most of Modern Editions, are very different things.

The Tables will also show the reader at a glance that two of the Comedies (in the Introduction to our Reprints of which, the circumstance will be investigated), The Merry Wives of Windsor and Love's Labour Lost, had, during the next sixty-two years, their number of these Capitals brought up to about the same proportion as that of The Winters Tale, which, as the full statistical Tables given with Part IV. make manifest, is the NATURAL proportion, and belongs to each of the twenty-two Histories and Tragedies, except,—and the exceptions are to us "confirmation strong" of the truth of our position,—King John, Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. These three Works appear in a comparatively neglected and uncared-for condition, for King John, of about the same length as Richard the Third, has not one-third of its number of these Letters; Troilus and Cressida, about as long as Othello, has not one-half; and Titus Andronicus, longer than Macbeth, has less than a third. From which facts, two questions arise for

those who do not believe that these Capitals are prominent Agents of Thought, and who only regard them as occurring from accident, printing fashion or caprice, or something else. The first is, How does it happen that these three Plays, printed at the same time and by the same printers as their companions, are yet printed in so wholly different a style? and the second is, If their being so differently printed had no substantial reason, and is of no importance one way or another, why is it that, in the course of the Three After-Folios, and mainly through the contributions of the Fourth (1685), they are brought up, in this respect, to the level of the main body of the Plays? To ourselves, and those who agree with us as to the character of these Capitals, the question suggested by their discordance is, Are there any exceptional features in the HISTORY of these three Plays, which may account for their appearing in the First Folio so meagrely endowed, compared with their neighbours? to which the answer is, as we shall show more fully when we come to treat these works individually, There ARE circumstances quite peculiar attaching to them; a brief statement of one or two of which may, in the meantime, satisfy the reader that there is a kind of biographic speciality belonging to each, which falls in, very remarkably, with the uncommon position it occupies in the Tables.

King John, of all Shakspere's undisputed Works, is the only one omitted to be entered in the Stationers' Company's Books. It was written before 1598, and first published in 1623, and so remained, for about a quarter of a century, in manuscript. In his Collection of the Old Quarto Editions of Shakspere, published in 1766, Steevens included what he then thought Shakspere's King John, saying in his Preface, "the author seems to have been so dissatisfied with the Play as to have written it entirely anew." He afterwards changed his opinion of its authenticity, and, indeed, there were three spurious King John's published before the date of the Folio.

Troilus and Cressida does not appear in the Index of the First Folio, in which, however, it was published. It has no pagination, save on one leaf, which is marked 79 and 80. It was first printed in quarto in 1609, on the title page of which it is called "The famous History," but all through the Preface it is spoken of as a "Comedy," while its title in the First Folio is "The Tragedy." There seems, therefore, to have been a difficulty as to its proper place in the classification of the

First Folio, there having been apparently, as its solitary pagings shew, an intention at one time of placing it next Romeo and Juliet, but ultimately it was inserted between the Histories and Tragedies. Its publication in Quarto was surreptitious,—admittedly so, for in the Preface we are told that it had "grand possessors," who would not let it be printed, yet it made "a scape," and was published, probably from hearsay report, or the putting together of copied portions supplied to Players for their parts. Its interesting Preface further tells us, that it had "never been staled with the stage," or "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." It was, in short, a private Play, but soon after the publication it was acted, and then a new Edition drops all about its being such, and proclaims: "As it was acted, by the King's Majestys Servants at the Globe." Tieck says: "In the palace of some great personage, for whom it was probably expressly written, it was first represented,—according to my belief for the King himself, who, weak as he was, contemptible as he sometimes showed himself, and pedantic as his wisdom and shortsighted as his politics were, yet must have had a certain fine sense of poetry, wit, and talent, beyond what his historians have ascribed to him. But whether the King, or some one else of whom we have not received the name, it is sufficient to know that for this person, and not for the public, Shakspere wrote this wonderful comedy."

"The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus," again, is often ranked among the Doubtful Plays. It is supposed to have been the Poet's first Work. The earliest Quarto Edition of it was in 1600 (only a single copy of which is known), and the next appeared eleven years after, the differences between these being trifling. But the variations between the Quartos and the First Folio are important, and eighty new lines are found in the latter. However, it is believed that the Folio printed from the Quarto of 1611, and that again from the Quarto of 1600.

These few facts, which must serve in the meantime, cannot but be familiar to many of our readers, and their introduction here may, therefore, seem superfluous, but the Emphasis-Capitals take us to a new point from which the Works of Shakspere may be viewed, and they are repeated in this place to show, that there are about these three Plays, odd things, that suggest at all events a reason for their odd look, in this respect, among the rest of the Histories and Tragedies.

We now proceed to the main duty of this Introduction, namely, the consideration of that unique place held by The Winters Tale among Shakspere's Comedies, showing, as it does, nearly three times as many Emphasis-Capitals as the next highest in this respect.

In this investigation it will be of material service to us, and we hope not without interest to our readers, briefly to review the circumstances out of which the First Folio arose, to see how long and closely Shakspere and his future Editors had been associated, to realize what kind of men these two Editors were, to imagine ourselves in their position after Shakspere's death, their great responsibility accepted, and to see out of what quarters were to be gathered the materials for this precious First Folio.

On the 25th of March, 1616, Shakspere signed his Will. This commenced, "First. I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting;" and here we doubtless have the creed of the Poet, for no one solemnly making arrangements for after death, in conformity with deliberate judgment and founded on the best feelings of our nature, family love, friendship, and duty to the poor, would put pen to such awful words, without living belief in them, even if such a beginning may have something in it of legal form; although we meet with variations in the opening parts of various Settlements about the same time which seem to justify us in thinking that the phraseology, in many cases at least, owed something to the Testator's personal piety, and that it was not altogether the work of the Scrivener. And when we find such proems followed by a minute consideration of the comfort of relatives and friends and the wants of the wretched, there is naturally created in our minds no ordinary respect for the men from whom they are understood to issue. For instance, the Will of one of the Editors of the First Folio, John Heminge, has "First, and principally, I give and bequeath my soul into the hands of Almighty God, my Maker and Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits, death and passion, of Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer, to obtain remission and pardon of all my sins, and to enjoy eternal happiness in the Kingdom of Heaven;" and that of the other Editor of the First Folio, Henry Condell, has "First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, trusting and assuredly

believing that only by the merits of the precious death and passion of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, I shall obtain full and free pardon and remission of all my sins, and shall enjoy everlasting life in the Kingdom of Heaven among the elect children of God." United in many other ways, the Author and his Editors seem to have been of one faith, amply supported, as their Wills show us, by good works.

When Shakspere's settlement was "published" by him, as was then the term, he was about six years younger than Dickens was at his death, and eighteen years younger than Tennyson now is. He was in the full strength of his mental power, and "in perfect health and memory (God be praised!)," as the Will tells us; which cannot be mere form, for where it was otherwise it was stated, as in the Will of his friend and fellow Actor, Augustine Phillips (1605), which begins, "beinge at this presente sicke and weak in body, but of good and perfecte mynde and remembrance, thanks be given unto Almighty God:" and in which Will, by the way, we have, shewing the thoroughly friendly feeling that existed in this brotherhood: "Item, I give and bequeathe to my fellowe, William Shakespeare, a thirty-shillinge peece in gould; to my fellowe, Henry Condell, one other thirty shillinge peece in gould," &c. Shakspere was also, at this time, leading the life of a retired gentleman, possessing and occupying the stateliest Mansion in his native place, owning many houses and hundreds of acres about him; and being honoured, and looked to in cases where influence was needed, by all his fellow townsmen and neighbours.

Under these circumstances, no doubt he cherished the hope—subject to his philosophic certainty of uncertainty,—of continuing to write Plays, for poetical creation and expression must have become to him like the air he breathed, and of "setting forth and overseeing" the publication of his entire Works, as his friend, and fellow Actor and Poet, Ben Jonson, is understood to have done with the Folio of his Works published in 1616. But this was not to be. Within a month of signing his Will, Shakspere was DEAD.

Of the disease of which he died, or its duration within these thirty days, we know nothing, but we cannot help considering it as certain, that, if at all possible, his chief friends would hurry from London to his bedside on that unexpected occasion, and, as we shall presently see, there were none, who had been more closely, or for a longer period

bound up with him, in friendship and worldly interests, than the future Editors of the First Folio, John Heminge and Henry Condell. As we have already said somewhere in these Introductions, we think it extremely likely that in this last illness, or even on his deathbed, Shakspere delegated to these two prominent associates the collecting and publishing of his works. They were personal friends, and had been partners with him in property and business for nearly half his lifetime, and through their united genius (for Heminge and Condell were eminent actors), industry, enterprise and providence, they had all three acquired large fortunes, and gained "Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends," as their long and many-branched Testaments place beyond all dispute. Supposing Shakspere's last illness were so sharp and sudden, that they could not, with their heavy metropolitan occupations and responsibilities, and the long journey, be beside him before he died, even when he was *in extremis* a few whispers to "Anne" his wife, his favourite daughter Susanna,

> (Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
> Wise to Salvation was good Mistris Hall.)

his son-in-law, Dr Hall (Author of Select Observations on English Bodies, or Cures in desperate Diseases: Englished by James Cook, Lond., 1657, 12mo.), or any other member of his household or confidential neighbour, would serve to indicate the direction of his wishes in this respect, and be religiously conveyed to them. The words, in their address "To the Great Variety of Readers," "do not envie his Friends the office of their care, and paine," seem to indicate his selection of them.

While it will go to show in how many ways the great Dramatist and his future Editors were linked together, it will help to relieve the dryness of this Introduction, with its numerous figures and dealings with words as words, to glance briefly at Shakspere's short but brimful life, prefacing our narrative with one or two remarks about his personal appearance.

When Shakspere lay dead in New Place there was evidently a mould of his face taken, according to the cast from which the Monumental Bust in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, the Sculptor of which was Gerard Johnson, was faithfully cut. Moulds may have been taken of the hands

too, for they seem to possess character and delicacy. A mould or "squeeze," was again taken (by stealth, we have heard) from the face of the Stone Bust, a cast from which, while we write, is beside us, built into the wall. Those who wish a right impression of Shakspere's face and head should not look to the portrait in the First Folio, which, as produced by the graver, Martin Droeschout, well deserves the adaptation of Ben Jonson made by Robert Browning (Next Poet) in his Lines "At The 'Mermaid'"—

> The figure that thou here seest . . Tut!
> Was it for gentle Shakspere put?

and speaking of Droeschout suggests to us taking notice of the fact that the earliest designers and engravers connected with Shakspere and his works were foreigners. This Droeschout was, we believe, a Dutchman, and his engraved portrait of Shakspere passed down through the Four Folios. Then came Rowe's Edition, 1709, "Adorn'd with Cuts," and most elaborate and curious Cuts they are. By whom these were designed we cannot tell, for there is no name to the plates, but, doubtless, they were engraved by Michael Vandergucht of Antwerp (the instructor of Vertue), who had settled in England and who engraved the Frontispiece to this Edition, with a Medallion Portrait of the Poet in the centre, Comedy and Tragedy on either side, and Fame hovering above, sounding her trumpet. And farther, this Belgian engraved the thirty six elegant and interesting illustrations to Theobald's Edition, which were designed and drawn by Gravelot, born in Paris in 1699, and who about 1732, as we read in the notice of him in the Biographie Universelle, "passa en Angleterre, où il n'y avant pas alors d'artistes de mérite, et ne tarda pas à être fort occupé." To return, those who wish to receive a good probable impression of Shakspere's face and head, should study the Monument Bust itself—the best copy of which that we have seen is in the Heliotype of the Monument in Major Walker's magnificent quarto volume, Shakspere's "Home and Rural Life" (Lond., Longman's, &c., 1874). From the particular way in which it has been taken, it has a most living look. Next to the carved stone Bust over his grave, that which is, in our opinion, the best help toward realizing his countenance, is the cast after the Bust which we have referred to. The forehead,—to lay one's outspread hand over whose expanse, leaves

a feeling not to be soon forgotten,—the nose inclining to smallness and aquiline; the mouth, of such full lips as might be expected from the passion in the man and his varied and constant oral exercise, the upper one crested by the jut of the small, neat, upturned mustache; and the firm chin, passing gracefully into the short, peaked beard, form together a very charming profile. The humour which shews itself on the front of this cast, when, in the gloaming, it is played upon by the flickering fire-flames, is something wonderful. Rosy life seems to have returned to the countenance, and with twinkling eyes and trembling features, the Poet appears to be restraining laughter. A more congenial neighbour to a group disposed upon the hearth rug, in a room all whose brightness comes from the grate, and listening to some more juvenile Winters Tale, cannot be imagined, and yet in day-light no merry thought is there: all is gravity. It appears to us that the Droeschout engraving in the First Folio was after some Portrait of Shakspere belonging to one of the Theatres or the house of one of the Editors, and probably executed by one of his fellow Players. The dress in it (with perhaps the exception of the "wire band," as they called it) looks like an every day working habit, and the hair on the upper lip and chin is mere stubble, because in his profession he would be constantly wearing false beards: "either," to use the words of Bully Bottom, "your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French-crown colour'd beard, your perfect yellow." On the other hand, in the Bust, which is life-size and was originally painted in imitation of nature, we have the "William Shakspere of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick, Gentleman," as he is designed in Conveyances to him and in the Will; retired from all public professional labour, the owner of a number of houses and hundreds of acres, just as he may have sat, bare-headed, on a warm, still, summer day, at one of the open windows of New Place, all the low, sweet sounds of the season and the murmur of the Avon in his ears, and his spacious garden, with its sunny terraces, green lawns, pleached alleys and honey-suckle bowers, spreading out beneath him. So he may have sat, with his fair, full face and auburn hair and beard, in his scarlet doublet or cloak, covered with the loose, black, sleeveless gown or tabard, pen in hand, and with the growing Manuscript of The Winters Tale before him, his large hazel eyes gazing

straight out, and far away, in imagination, to some farm homestead in that fairest part of all England, the Shepherds and Clowns and Mopsas and Dorcases of which he had well studied, and who were now about to play their amusing parts on his enduring pages.

The eldest living of his father's family—two girls born before him had died in infancy—Shakspere is supposed to have left Stratford for London about 1585 or 86. He would then be but twenty-one, yet he had been married three years before to Anne Hathaway, eight years his elder, and to whom, as to his mother Mary Arden, local tradition ascribes great beauty. He had also had already three children, two daughters, Susanna and Judith, and one son, his only son, HAMNET, who died when eleven years and six months old, and with whose name, nearly three hundred years after his death, we have pleasure in associating this Edition of his Father's Works. It has been thought, by many of his Editors, that the noble young Mamillius of the present Comedy was built by the Poet upon the memory of his own lost boy. Real life with its cares and responsibilities had begun early with Shakspere.

In those days troops of Players were part of the establishment of great Noblemen, and bore their name. Their principal office was to entertain their Patrons and their retainers and guests, but they were occasionally allowed to travel, to give outlying places "a taste of their quality" and to help up their salaries. When such a Troop came to any town, they waited upon the Chief Magistrate (an office which Shakspere's father held for some years), told him what Nobleman they served, which would be evidenced by their livery and badges, and asked his leave to play there, and if he was agreeable he arranged their opening performance before himself and fellow Magistrates, which was called the Mayor or Bailiff's Play. This was free to the public, and the Players were remunerated out of the town's funds. Stratford-on-Avon had frequent visits of this character. In 1573, when Shakspere was about nine, the Earl of Leicester's Players were there, and in the year following my Lord of Warwick's and the Earl of Worcester's. In 1577, when he would be about thirteen, the Leicester and Worcester Companies were there again, and in 1579-80 Lord Strange's men, the Essex Players and the Earl of Darby's. Thus we see that the Poet had had frequent opportunities of attending Plays, and it is interesting to fancy the

curly, chesnut-locked, high-browed, hazel-eyed Boy—for surely he was little more, and yet he was to be a husband in two years—listening greedily to the members of that profession, which he was so greatly to elevate and enrich, and taking stock of their acting and "Enterludes." In 1574 James Burbage, father of the famous actor, and other four of the Earl of Leicester's Servants had built a Theatre in the Blackfriars. Afterwards Queen Elizabeth selected twelve of the best Players, and these, who were the shareholders and had hired servants under them, formed The Lord Chamberlain's Company; which title, when the Patent was renewed after 1603, was changed to that of The Servants of the King, and it was by them that the first play was performed before James in England. To this Company Shakspere belonged in 1589, being one of the shareholders, and he was constant to it throughout. His genius only found public expression and representation through its members, for its interests his Manuscripts were evidently guarded with great jealousy from surreptitious publication, and there is little doubt that his Works mainly contributed to the Company's wonderful success. Heminge, supposed to have been eight years older than Shakspere, was one of the principal proprietors and managers of The Lord Chamberlain's Company and its Treasurer, and continuing to act so for The King's Players, after James' Accession, it is specially interesting here to note that he was paid (about £60 of our money) for the representation before the King of The Winters Tale on 2nd April, 1618. In 1619 Heminge was at the head of The King's Players, and when in March of that year a new Patent was got, his name is first, and his fellow Editor's second. Heminge died in 1630 supposed to be seventy-four years old, and till within less than a month of his death, believed to have been of the Plague, he continued to represent his Company at Court. Through the Plague the Theatres having been closed for six months before 20th September, 1630, an order was issued under the Privy Seal for bestowing upon The King's Players £100 (equal to five or six times that in our day), and it was directed that the relief should be administered by the hands of John Heminge. It is not known whether Condell was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, but in 1598 he was associated with Shakspere as one of the ten principal comedians who played Every Man in his Humour, and in the Patent of 1603 he stands sixth on the roll of shareholders, following Shakspere and Heminge.

The co-operation of Heminge and Condell in the publication of the Works of their illustrious friend seems but the natural consummation or flower of a series of connections, for they were married about the same time, lived in the same parish, had large families registered in the same Church, held the same interest in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, and their names are generally next each other in the Patents and Lists of Actors, though they are not so among "The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes" at the beginning of the First Folio, but probably they thought it better that there should be a little space between them there. Condell, who had become rich, and had a country house at Fulham, died in 1627, leaving much property to his family and leaving many legacies to widows, poor people and servants, Heminge being nominated one of the Trustees, or "Overseers" as it was then called.

In the Blackfriars Theatre Shakspere's Plays were first acted. In 1594 the Lord Chamberlain's Company built "The Globe," to pay for his share in which, the Earl of Southampton, to whom he had dedicated his Venus and Adonis, and Rape of Lucrece, is said to have made Shakspere the gift of £1000. These two Theatres, the Blackfriars and Globe, were the winter and summer houses. The former (repaired and extended in 1596) was of stone and roofed, hexagonal without and circular within, and having parts corresponding with our boxes and pit. The stage, on which the critics and Elizabethan "swells" sat, was strewn with rushes, and the arrival upon it of the actors was announced by a blare of trumpets. In this Theatre, whether by day or night, the performances were carried on by the light of lamps or torches. The Globe, the summer Theatre, on the other hand (during the use of which the Blackfriars was let for other purposes, as to Her Majesty's Children of the Revels, and no doubt had removed from it for the season all the Manuscripts and theatrical properties) was a larger house, of wood and open to the sky, and its stage, which encroached on the circle, was thatched. Here the performances took place at three in the afternoon.

These Theatres, which seem to have been conducted with great prudence and respectability, were most prosperous, and, of which we have given evidence, the proprietors became wealthy men. The result to Shakspere, who was a prominent Shareholder in both, and whose annual income is supposed to have been for many years equal to about

£3,000 of our money, gradually showed itself. In 1597 he bought New Place in Stratford, which seems to indicate a wish to leave public life as soon as possible, and devote himself to Dramatic Literature, relieved by the rest, and simple interests and occupations of a country life. This New Place was the most important house in Stratford, and built in the reign of Henry VII. by the great benefactor of Stratford, Sir Hugh Clopton. No doubt when a schoolboy, creeping like snail unwillingly to the old Stratford Grammar School, the boy Shakspere must have often regarded it with awe and wonder. It is called in old historical records "the great house" and "the fair house," and it was large enough to accommodate the Queen of Charles the First and her Court, for three weeks in 1643. This purchase of Shakspere was but the first of many. He continued to acquire property after property in his native place, and a moiety of its lease of great and small tithes, until he became a kind of Lord of the Manor, but to the time of his death he retained his interest as a Shareholder in his old Theatres. There seems to have been a partial retirement on his part from professional labour from about 1607, in which year his daughter and Dr Hall were married, and till then he appears to have had an important residence in London, in which his family doubtless lived with him. Then there was a complete retirement for several years before his death, probably from about 1610, and during this period he is reported to have furnished the Theatres with two plays yearly: as well he might, for Macbeth, The Winters Tale, The Tempest, Henry the Eighth, Julius Cæsar, Cymbeline, Timon of Athens, Anthony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus all belong to these last quiet years in New Place.

From this narrative—which we have condensed as far as we could, and the introduction into which of the slight description of Shakspere's Theatres will presently shew itself to be justified—it will be seen how long and closely Shakspere and his Editors were connected, and we cannot conceive any better hands into which the collection and publication of the Works could have fallen. They had been engaged with the Author, not only in bringing his Plays correctly before the Public and Court for nearly a quarter of a century, but had themselves as Actors deeply studied and borne principal parts in them, and no doubt with these they had become utterly familiar.

There would be no "obscure passages" or "various readings" to them or the other members of their brotherhood, for was not Shakspere at their side to clear up all ambiguity? For all their sakes, in reputation and worldly interests, it was essential that these Plays should be fully understood and properly delivered by themselves and the different Actors of the Company. We can believe that they would never feel satisfied to speak in public, and often, as they did, before Kings and Queens, what they did not comprehend, and here was he among them, whose name and fame demanded every sentence to be clear in its meaning, and given unhesitatingly. Certainly Heminge and Condell would be intimate with all the points where Shakspere intended and wished Emphasis, and although in their editorial revision they might, as we know they did, drop many Emphasis-Capitals notwithstanding all their solicitude, we cannot imagine them allowing a prominent Letter to be attached to any Word in the printed Text, that they had not been accustomed to hear audibly and impressively prominent. For instance, Heminge was the original Jack Falstaff: and here is the well known passage in the Fifth Act of the First Part of Henry the Fourth exactly as we find it in the First Folio (but embodying seven new Emphasis-Capitals contributed by the After Folios):

Fal. *Hal*, if thou see me down in the Battle,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of Friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that Friendship.

Fal. I would it were Bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'st Heaven a death.

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set to a leg? No: or an arm? No: or take away the grief of a Wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgery, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Air: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism.

Now this, to our view, is perfectly punctuated, and carefully noted for Emphasis, and we cannot conceive it being otherwise, seeing that one of

the Editors was publicly identified with the character of Sir John, which part is said to have given Queen Elizabeth such delight, as to lead to Shakspere being requested by her to show the Knight in love, which is done in The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Heminge doubtless had played it many and many a time before the Court and Public. Is it likely that he would allow it to be otherwise printed than with Shakspere's Letter-guides in it, according to which he had gone in his acting, and departure from which would be to the injury of the meaning? We can very well imagine "our pleasant Willy" (as Spenser called him) on the first rehearsal of Cymbeline taking the Player apart, who had opened the Tragedy as 1st Gentleman—let us say, for the nonce, Nathaniel Field —*if* he delivered the first sentence as it is put by Isaac Rowe (who certainly believed in Emphasis-Capitals and reproduced the most of Shakspere's, but who evidently thought, like many others, that we could not have too much of a good thing, and sowed them broadcast over his Edition, 1709, the first after the Folios):

> You do not meet a Man but frowns.

and saying, "Nat, you had a wrong Emphasis in your first line. Try and keep closely by the Capital Letters. See that you have them all in your copy. Your way of speaking it might mean that every MAN you met was frowning, but that Women were not. You'll find it set down:

> You do not meet a man but Frowns.

by which the general discontent is pictured, without the chance of any contrast being suggested."

So exceptionally well qualified were John Heminge and Henry Condell for the great labour of love undertaken by them, yet these two men, to whom all lovers of Shakspere are under such deep obligation, have been much disparaged. The praise bestowed on them with one hand, is generally wiped away by the other, and the fact of living in glass houses is no hindrance whatever to an industrious throwing of stones. "I have taken some Care to redeem him," says Rowe in his Dedication to the Duke of Somerset, "from the Injuries of former Impressions. I must not pretend to have restor'd this Work to the Exactness of the Author's Original Manuscripts: Those are lost, or, at least, are gone beyond any Inquiry I could make; so that there was

nothing left, but to compare the several Editions, and give the true Reading as well as I could from thence. This I have endeavour'd to do pretty carefully, and render'd very many Places Intelligible, that were not so before." And a few pages on, in quoting All the World's a Stage, he gives the following specimen of his Care and Judicious Alteration:

> The sixth Age shifts
> Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
> With Spectacles on Nose, and Pouch on Side;
> His youthful HOUSE, well sav'd, a world too wide
> For his shrunk Shank;

as any house well might be: and we have:—

> Last Scene of all,
> That ends this strange eventful History,
> Is second Childishness, and meer Oblivion,
> Sans Teeth, sans Eyes, sans TAST, sans ev'rything.

In addition to which, we may just notice, that, in this Speech of Jaques', twenty-eight lines long, about a dozen of the points to be found in the First Folio vanish under Mr Rowe's restoration. Even Mr Payne Collier, in his "English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage," cannot resist having a fling at our Editors. Speaking of "our obligation to the piety of Heminge and Condell toward their 'friend and fellow' in what they did in the collection and publication of the Comedies, Histories and Tragedies of Shakspere, which cannot be too often or too deeply acknowledged," and of "their relinquishing the active duties of their profession to employ themselves in securing the manuscripts, arranging them for publication, and in correcting the press," he adds, "IF IT EVER WERE CORRECTED" (much virtue in If), while there are several typographical errors within his own next two or three pages, and we come on "their addditional claim to our reverence and admiration as collectors and publishers of Seakspere's dramatic productions." Nor are such defects inconsistent with the greatest care —only inconsistent with the blame of others upon the same ground—for if Satan, who was believed to be associated with Printing at its birth, has still his black paw at any time in the business, it is certainly in the miraculous creation of these errors, which too often, after "all hands" are satisfied of perfection, are found mopping and mowing at us, as if

in derision, from what we thought the faultless page. Scores of extracts, also, from articles in Reviews and Magazines, published during the last hundred years, could easily be given, showing how it has seemed almost a duty to have a gird at the Editors of the First Folio, but our diminishing space will only admit of our introducing one:—

"It is common to speak of this earliest collection of Shakespeare's dramatic works as having been *edited* by his two friends Heming and Condell. The fact is, that their names are subscribed to the Dedication and to the Preface. They neither themselves take the title, nor make any profession of having performed the function, of editors. They describe themselves simply as the collectors of the plays. They regret that the author himself had not lived 'to have set forth and overseen his own writings;' but, for themselves, all that they claim to have done is to have collected and published them from his manuscripts without any mutilation or omissions,—meaning, plainly, without any intentional falsification, and there is no reason to believe that the two individuals in question, if they had attempted much editing of the plays, would have done so to much purpose. Their names are entirely unknown in connexion with literature. Both were actors. The efficient correction of the proof-sheets for a folio volume extending to not far short of a thousand double-column'd pages, and set up, as this seems to have been, from copy partly in print, partly in manuscript, and we do not know how far perplexed and difficult on other accounts, would have demanded considerable literary experience and familiarity with the press. The two actors, in all probability, left all that to the printers; and very wisely." But we fail to see from the fact that Heminge and Condell were Actors, and their names entirely unknown in connexion with literature, that they were unable to give that "paine and care" necessary to see their friend's Works printed in exact accordance with his Manuscripts. Macready was an actor, and his name entirely unknown in connexion with literature, yet no one will deny his capacity for fulfilling such an office, if he had been called to it.

Having now helped, we hope, to restore this Reviewer's "two individuals in question" to their due place in our respect and gratitude, we proceed to consider their position with regard to materials, when they stood, as it were, at the door of their important project. It is supposed that they left off acting about 1622, so as to give the greater

portion of their time and study to this volume, although they continued in the management, and, like their illustrious companion, retained their shares, of the Theatres, till their death. Having then personally bid farewell to the sock and buskin, and being free men for their purpose, their first question would be, On what is our dear friend's Folio to be based? Where are the best materials for it? And the answer, we think, could only be:

FIRST. There are the Manuscripts (of Coriolanus, Anthony and Cleopatra, &c.) found in New Place at his death.

SECOND. There are those in the Library of the Theatres.

THIRD. There are those lodged, according to law, in the Office of The Lord Chamberlain. And

FOURTH. Where, through accident, theft, or otherwise, nothing is to be had from these three sources, the separate Actors' copies of Scenes in which their parts occur, must be fallen back upon.

Before going further, let us see what Heminge and Condell themselves say in their Dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, and their Address "to the great Variety of Readers." It will be good for us to have, in a concise form, their own words upon their own work, and, laying aside the surrounding language of compliment, &c., we shall just bring together the sentences that bear strictly on their literary labour:

"He not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings, we have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare * It hath been the height of our care, to make the present worthy by the perfection. * Where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offered to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. * We only gather his works, and give them you."

These words tell us that there was no desire of money making or self-glorification connected with their task, but that the sole motive was worthily to preserve the remembrance of their late companion, by a

worthy publication of his writings. Their aim, we are told, was to have in the printing of his Plays, "perfection" or thorough accuracy, Of such of these as had been published (the Quartos) without permission, either during his life or since his death, and were incorrect, they now gave in the Folio correct versions, and "all the rest" never before printed, they gave in it "absolute" or entire, in their "numbers" or verse, precisely in the form according with his imagination. Their editing was simply gathering them and seeing them faithfully transferred into print; not writing dissertations about them, speculating on different possible meanings for this, that, or the other passage, or overlaying the Plays and choking them with antiquarian, historical, or other lore; as indeed is now the case with the Stage, for, to use the words of Mr Gladstone, "In the Theatres of our day the spectacle threatens to absorb the drama; and show, which should be the servant, to become the master." The "all the rest" being "absolute in their numbers," seems to indicate that for at least all the Works unpublished while Shakspere lived, Heminge and Condell had his own autograph and particularly-transcribed Manuscripts to proceed upon.

What we ourselves believe upon this subject taking into consideration the full Tables of Emphasis-Capitals given with Part IV., is, that without doubt, the editors of the First Folio had at least the Author's own Manuscripts or exact transcripts of them for all the Histories, except King John ; for all the Tragedies, except Troilus and Cressida and Titus Andronicus; and for the Comedy, The Winters Tale, and that what they had had for the remaining Comedies were Theatre Copies, some of which had been from twelve to twenty-five years in existence and which through handling and successive transcriptions must have lost much of their particularity. It should also be borne in mind that, as we said in the Introduction to The Life of Timon of Athens, these "lighter creatures of his genius" may not have received the same severe supervision at Shakspere's hands ; that a much smaller proportion of Emphasis-Capitals to one of these may be partly accounted for by the fact, that although a Comedy may have as many lines as a History or Tragedy, it has not its solid columns (a skirmishing talk, such as that of Beatrice and Benedict, often of a few words for each character, being carried on through a whole scene:) and that the Members of the Theatres attending to these Lettered words for a dozen years or two, the Emphasis they taught would

become conventional, and the care taken of them, so far as the actors noting of them was concerned, would become slighter. We also believe, from what the Tables shew us, that the Editors of the Three After-Folios (what a silence shrouds them!) kept supplementing from players' part-copies, &c., the Capitals in the Comedies, till they brought them up to about the natural proportion, and that in the cases of King John, Richard the Second, Titus Andronicus and Romeo and Juliet, the Editors of the Fourth Folio having made fresh exertion, or special circumstances favouring them, had recovered several of the Author's Manuscripts or authoritative transcripts, allowing them to bring these Plays in Emphasis-Capitals up to full force, and had, thus and otherwise, done more than their predecesssor to make up the omissions of this character in the First Folio.

As we have said, Heminge and Condell would, for one branch of their materials, have such Manuscripts as were found in Shakspere's private repositories after his death in 1616, and we believe that they would then not only find the Manuscripts of his newest compositions, but scarcely-blotted copies of some, if not many, of his previous works, prepared by him in anticipation of "having the fate to be executor to his own writings," or so that they might be in a more ripe and ready condition for publication, under any hands. In the Library of the Theatres, also, there would, of course, be a copy of each of his Plays which had been acted, or was liable to be again required, but by time and handling many of these must have been sorely reduced. And then, according to law, a copy of each of the Plays that had been performed would be deposited in the Records of the Lord Chamberlain, and this copy as it was the official one, on which the license to bring the work before the public proceeded, and which was retained to be a guarantee or check against any departure from the original, that had been examined and approved of, would, we are strongly inclined to believe, be in the Author's autograph, a certified transcript being used by the Theatre: unless, indeed, against which there is no good reason, Shakspere furnished duplicates for these purposes; one for the Play-house and one for The Lord Chamberlain; whose important office is still in existence. Under the Act 6th and 7th Victoria, Cap. 68 (1843), for regulating Theatres (which repealed, *inter alia*, the Act of James 1st, under which the same course was followed with regard to many of Shakspere's Plays),

there is an "Examiner of all Theatrical Entertainments," and to enable him to report that it "does not in its general tendency contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage," a copy of every new Stage Play, and of every new Act, Scene, or other part added to any old Stage Play, and of every new Prologue or Epilogue intended to be produced, has to be sent to The Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, and on the Examiner's reporting in its favour, he allows "the performance of the said Manuscript, with the exception of any words or passages endorsed on the license by the Examiner and without any further variations whatever," and the Manuscript remains in The Lord Chamberlain's Office as a witness to be called if necessary. Such as Lord Hertford is to-day, was, in Shakspere's time, Sir George Buc, who—on the death of one Edmund Tylney, by whom the position had been held for thirty years—entered upon his duties as Master of the Revels and Lord Chamberlain in 1610, and to him was sent a copy of The Winters Tale, and by him the performance thereof was thereon "allowed of." As it was thus only licensed in 1610, and played, for the first time, in the Globe on 15th May, 1611 (an account of which performance by Dr Forman, one of the original audience, is in the Ashmolean Museum), we are pretty certain as to the time about which it must have been written, and may without hesitation regard it as one of the children of Shakspere's years of ease and peace in New Place. Although a *Winters* Tale, we thus see that it was occasionally used as a Summer Entertainment, and its Manuscript, even if some of the others remained locked up in the Blackfriars, was likely in the summer season to be in the Globe, and to have been there when the following deplorable disaster occurred:—

In our sketch of the Theatres, we said that this Theatre, the Globe, was entirely of wood, without a roof, and that its stage, which encroached on the inside circular area allocated to "the groundlings," was thatched with reeds. In July, 1613, Shakspere's Henry the Eighth, then quite a new Play, was being produced there under the title of All is True. In the 4th Scene of the 1st Act of this History, as it appears in the First Folio, we find, announcing the arrival of the masked King and his party, the theatrical direction:—"*Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharg'd,*" and it appears that when this direction was followed and the salute fired, some of the wadding fell upon the thatched roof, originating a

conflagration, which greedily devoured the entire edifice. Sir Henry Wotton thus tells of it in a letter: "Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour, the whole house, to the very ground."

Here, we have no doubt, several of the Manuscripts of Shakspere's Plays were destroyed, including that of The Winters Tale, for at the burning of the Fortune Theatre in Cripplegate in 1621, which was not half so rapid in its course, we know that all the Plays and dresses were consumed.

In the MS. of Sir H. Herbert, who succeeded Buc as Lord Chamberlain, we have the following entry which we have already quoted in our Introduction to Part IV:—

"For the King's Players. An olde playe called 'Winters Tale,' formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and lykewise by me on Mr Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, though the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623." From this memorandum, which suggests, by the way, that the Manuscripts of Plays were stitched together and bound in book form, and which has something of an official haze about it, we infer that "the allowed book," that is we suppose, the Theatre Manuscript of The Winters Tale, being missing, Sir H. Herbert "returned" to Heminge the government copy, which the players had deposited there, and that this was done for some pressing and special purpose. Now for what purpose could this be borrowed by our Co-Editor on the 19th of August, 1623? It could not be to assist or enable the Company to play this Comedy, for they had already done so on the 18th of January of the same year, as we read, "To the Duchess of Richmond in the King's absence was given The Winters Tale by the King's Company," and this might well enough have been done by them through the Player's separate copied-parts, even although something had happened to the Theatres' main original copy. But when it came to the printing, verbatim et literatim, and with an aim at "perfection," of their Friend and Fellow's Works, it was a

different matter, and therefore we believe that Heminge got back from the Lord Chamberlain the legal copy to be embodied in the Folio, which must then have been close upon completion, for it is entered in the Register of the Stationer's Company on 8th November, 1623, about two months after, all which time would be required for including this Comedy and otherwise completing and binding the volume, the printing of which is supposed to have commenced in 1621. Sir Henry Herbert would be perfectly well aware of the work which Heminge and Condell had in hand; indeed, it was within his province as The Master of the Revels to license the press, and books printed about this time are often found "granted by Henry Herbert."

That The Winters Tale was printed after the rest of the work was finished, or at least after the Histories were fairly commenced, we have ample proof in the signatures, as the previous Comedy ends with signature "Z," and The Winters Tale commences with a *double* signature "A a." If it had been printed immediately after Twelfth Night, the signature would have been the same as King John, just "a." This, we understand, shows clearly to printer's eyes that this Comedy has been printed after the work was otherwise finished. It makes no difference in the paging of The Winters Tale, for this reason that King John commences a new paging, and they had only to begin where Twelfth Night left off. Another reason is that The Winters Tale ends with signature "C c" which has only four pages, and as there are twelve pages required to complete a sheet or signature, if King John had been printed after it, there ought to have been no signature at the first three pages of King John, as eight of them would have been needed to complete the sheet "C c." The usual way that the Printers in these old days continued their signatures was, to commence with a capital "A," and after using them up, to go on with a small or "lower-case" "a," and when these had been used, to take two small or "lower-case" "a's" ("a a").

What The Winters Tale contributes towards the evidence that one Folio printed from another, is little, but demands recording. In Act 1 Sc. 1 we have, "And yet the Steer, the Heycfer," and the last word here, is, with its wrong letter, repeated in the Second Folio. So, the First Folio has, in the same Scene, "meating" for "meeting Noses"; and this again appears in the Third. Where, in the same Scene, there

is, in the First Folio, "Hayle most Royal Sir," the Second prints "Hoyle," and the Third follows with "Hoyl." These are trifling, but the entire line:

And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,

in Act 2 Sc. 3,—although, wanting it, the passage is reduced to nonsense,—is left out by the Second Folio, and the disastrous omission, strangely enough, is repeated by its two successors.

In further pursuance of our plan, we proceed to give such deviations from the original text of this Comedy, as are found in the Three After-Folios, reserving the question of their value to be treated afterwards, in a Supplementary Part, dedicated to Notes to all the Plays, similar to those appended to the Hamnet Edition of Macbeth. Out of the following twenty-five changes, fifteen, it will be observed, are found in the Folio of 1664.

Shook hands, as over a Vast; (Page 2.)

The Second, Third and Fourth Folios have "a Vast *Sea.*"

we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: (Page 4.)

The Third Folio has "*no*, nor dream'd."

Thou do'st make possible things not so held, (Page 7.)

The Third Folio has "not *be* so held."

Come on then, and giv't me in mine ear. (Page 18.)

Here the Third and Fourth Folios have "*Enter L.*"

I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine: and some five (Page 21.)

The Third Folio has "and *Sonnes* five."

Heres such a-do, to make no stain, a stain,
As passes colouring. (Page 24.)

Here the Third Folio adds "*Enter Emilia.*"

I have got strength of limit. (Page 36.)

The Third Folio has "strength of *limbs.*"

This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth. (Page 36.)
Here the Third Folio has "*Enter Dion and Cleomines.*"

What flaying? boiling? (Page 38.)
The Third Folio has "flaying? boiling? *burning?*"

Exit pursued by a Bear. (Page 42.)
The Fourth Folio adds "*Enter a Shepherd.*"

With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay: (Page 47.)
The Third and Fourth Folios have "With heigh, *with heigh,*"

when the Kite builds, look to lesser Linnen. (Page 47.)
The Third Folio has "look *to't,* lesser"

In every Mess, have folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custom, (Page 50.)
The Third Folio has "Digest *it*"

O but Sir, (Page 51.)
The Third Folio has "O but *dear* Sir"

Now (my fairst Friend,) (Page 53.)
The Fourth Folio has "*Friends,*"

What you do,
Still betters what is done. (Page 54.)
The Fourth Folio has "still *better*"

whom of force must know (Page 62.)
The Third Folio has "*who* of force"

As you have ever been my Fathers honour'd friend, (Page 65.)
The Third Folio has "Fathers friend"

With her, who here I cannot hold on shore: (Page 65.)
The Third Folio has "*whom* here"

that a King (at friend) (Page 79.)
The Third Folio has "(*as* friend)"

a Weather-bitten Conduit (Page 84.)
The Third and Fourth Folios have "Weather-*beaten*"

(had he himself Eternity, and could put Breath (Page 85.)
The Fourth Folio has "*but breathe*"

Come, follow us: we'll be thy good Masters. (Page 87.)
The Second and Third Folios have "good *Master.*"

let't alone (Page 90.)
The Third Folio has "*let's* alone."

It must appear to our readers, when they come occasionally on some strange looking Word in these Reprints, that we are not quite constant to our profession of modernising the antiquated spelling of the First Folio. But where any such cause of suspicion is met, there has generally been some reason which seemed to justify us in leaving that particular Word in the shape in which we found it. Sometimes, it so seems to possess peculiar philological interest, and be suggestive of its origin, transition state, or latest appearances, and when that is the case, and the flow and interest of the narrative not likely to be checked by it, we think it best worth to retain it unaltered. In such passages as the following, for example (Act 4 Sc. 4):—

pale *Prime-roses*
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

we have kept the old form of the word "primrose," not only because it tells, off hand, its own derivation and meaning (*prima rosa*), but because it keeps the mind clear of the idea of stiffness or demureness, that is somewhat suitable, and which, as it is now spelt and pronounced, the Word is apt to convey. The Old Shepherd in this Comedy, on finding the royal babe by the sea shore, (Act 3 Sc. 3) exclaims:—

Mercy on's, a *Barne?* a very pretty *barne.*

And as we have now in general use no such word as "barn" except for a building, there was temptation to alter it to the form in which it is chiefly current, in North Britain,—"bairn" (*A.-Sax.* bearn). But Barn is Old English for Child, and is to be found in several Dictionaries, Gouldman, Coles, Bailey, &c., and we have other phrases which include it, such as "Skare-barn" for a Hag; it also still seems to be in use in Wakefield, Yorkshire (where they speak of "a chance barn"),

and in other parts of England, and therefore it seemed best to keep it as it was. As it occurs in the above quoted exclamation, it is given in Mrs Cowden Clarke's Complete Concordance to Shakspere (so saving of time and labour to ourselves, and all similarly engaged), as the single example of its use by Shakspere in this sense, but we think it may be the same Word, meaning Child, although it is there classed with the quotations connected with "Barn, a building," that appears in the saying of Beatrice to Hero, in Much Ado about Nothing, Act 3 Sc. 4, "if your husband have stables enough, youll look he shall lack no barnes." (This in the Concordance is printed apparently by mistake "you'll see.")

Again, the Word sometimes appears to be, in its odd form suited to the person using it, and to modernise it would be to injure the individuality of the dramatic Character. For instance, when the Farm Servant comes in to tell of the Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs, who are ready to dance, he commences, "*Mayster*, there is three carters," &c., and this "Mayster," which is generally in Modern Editions changed to "Master," and so takes quite an urban sound,—we believe to have been Shakspere's, and so retain it; and in the Young Shepherd's soliloquy as to the commissions intrusted to him by Perdita, "this Sister of mine," for the Sheep-Shearing Feast (Act 3 Sc. 3), we have printed Leaven, currence, Prewyns and Reysons o'the Sun, which in Modern Editions are changed to 'leven (for eleven), and currants, prunes and raisins o'the sun, because we believe Shakspere meant the Country Clown ("who wanted but something to be a reasonable man") to speak in this style, and we can fancy such a Comedian as William Kemp, the Poet's fellow actor, and the successor of Tarleton, and who was eminent in characters requiring a rustic dialect, twisting "Prewyns and Reysons o'the Sun" out of a goatish, bucolic mouth, with wonderful effect. In the same way we have printed, "Doest lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee," the peculiar sound of which must have told immensely on the old Elizabethan audience, considering that Autolicus, "poor man," had just been seen, with that dreadful hug through his false shotten-shoulder blade, to ease the "good faced Sir" of every farthing of his "mony." Making this, as it stands in Modern Editions, "Dost lack any money? I have a little money," looks to us like plucking off a mask.

We also meet here and there, in the First Folio, with a word which,

we think, is, as we there find it, more suited to the rhythm or rhyme than that to which it has been altered in Modern Editions, and which may have become so familiar that now the original form only suggests antiquated orthography. An example of one of such cases we find in Autolicus' Song (Act 4 Sc. 3):—

> If Tinkers may have leave to live,
> and bear the Sow-skin Bowget,
> Then my account I well may give,
> and in the Stocks avouch it.

By here retaining "Bowget," which is changed in Modern Editions to "Budget," we keep better the still imperfect rhyme, and preserve what was evidently once a well-known form of the word, for in some old Dictionaries we find it spelt both ways, and in one at least (Gouldman's), the Word "Budget" refers us to "Boudget" for the definition. In "Huloet's Dictionarie, Newelye corrected, amended, set in order and enlarged, &c., By John Higgins, Late student in Oxeforde, Londini, In aedibus Thomæ Marshii. Anno. 1672," we do not find Budget, but the very form in the text: "*Bowget.* Hippopera, *Bougette:*" and on the margin of the copy used by us there is written, what seems the modern word at a farther stage of transition, "bodgett." It was, at all events, evidently intended by Shakspere to be and remain Bowget here, for the rhyme's sake, for he only uses the word "Budget" in one other of his Plays, The Merry Wives of Windsor, where it occurs thrice. The copy of Higgins' Edition of Huloet, just referred to, belonged to John Gibbon, Author of "Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam: an Essay to a more correct Blazon in Latine than hath formerly been used. Lond. 1682; 8vo," and its margins are almost covered by him with Notes, Drawings of Crests, and Lists of Words. He was an ancestor of Edward Gibbon the Historian, who gives an interesting notice of him in his "Memoir of my Life and Writings." Among the polyglot manuscript notanda on the fly-leaves and margins of the Volume (Dutch, French, &c.), is the following:—

> "Hoc donabat Avus me libro (qui generabat
> Matrem) quem tenui viginti circiter annos
> Huic nasci Suffolca dedit denascier atque
> Multiscio legis nostræ Jurisque perito

Nomen ei Lionellus erat Cognomine verum
Claruit Edgari. generoso stemmate Cretus

JOHAN GIBBON

Virginia May 24 1659—postea Blewmantle 1670."

Of Higgins, one of the Editors of the Mirrour of Magistrates, there is an account in Warton's History of English Poetry, where Huloet's Dictionary is erroneously printed "Holcots."

Finally, we have, in almost each of Shakspere's Plays, a few words that have hitherto been undetermined, verbal riddles that remain unsolved to this day. Of such in The Winters Tale are "the *Gest* prefix'd for's parting," "my *pugging* tooth," and "I would *Land-damn* him," the first two of which have in several editions been obliged to make way for "guest" and "prigging," which are inapplicable. It is best to leave such words as they are found, and we have little fear but there will in good time "leap to light" excellent reasons for not having disturbed them. Painstaking examination of Historical Manuscripts and Contemporary Literature has done much to clear up obscure passages in our great Dramatist's Works, but these quarries are far from being exhausted, and there is besides always some new old thing turning up. In due season duplicates or other examples of these hard sayings will, doubtless, be discovered embedded in Ancient Books or Writings, and in such positions as to declare their true signification. We have hope that even "attoaze," in our friend the Pedlar's talk with the Two Shepherds (Act 4 Sc. 1), will one day have the heart of its mystery plucked out.

As it is, of the words of this class scattered over the Original Text, scores appear like so many Memorial Cairns of dire conflict. Opposing Commentators have waged bitter war, and there has been much good ink spilt about them, but where, as in some cases, we have a dozen different parties suggesting as may different readings, there is small danger. It is when a number wonderfully happen to agree upon a particular interpretation, and hold for it, shoulder to shoulder, that there is to be feared the risk of the Original Word being forced to make way, for that of which it is supposed to be a corruption. Our remaining space will only admit of our bringing forward one instance of this kind.

Hamlet says: "I am but mad North, North-West: when the Wind is Southerly, *I Know a Hawk from a Handsaw*:" and this is now so generally explained in the Notes of Modern Editions to be a corruption of the Proverb common in Shakspere's time: "He does not Know a Hawk from a *hernshaw*," or young Heron, that we would not be in the least surprised to encounter it inserted in the Text of some new Edition: the young Heron, like the young Cuckoo, settled down comfortably where it has no natural right to be. A multitude of letters, notes, and articles, have been written on the passage, and from this popular reading of Hamlet's words, there have been all kinds of ramifications, essays on Migration, on the rules of Falconry, &c. Nevertheless, we think that there has been *no* corruption of the old Proverb, and that it just means what it looks,—like that other, "He does not know a B from a Battledore,"—namely, that one is so mad, that he cannot distinguish between two things utterly dissimilar. (It would not be easy to many among even sane men to distinguish between a hawk and a hernshaw.) We are confirmed in our opinion by what we find in some old Books. For example, in Elisha Coles' Dictionary, English-Latin and Latin-English (a perfect treasure-house of English proverbs, marked, as usual, with an asterisk), the first of whose eighteen editions appeared in 1677, we find "A Hawk, *Accipiter*. *He knows not a hawk from a handsaw," and turning over to "handsaw" we are referred to "Serrula" in the Latin-English Part. Along with the English Proverb—it being part of the Compiler's programme to give "all kinds of Words, Terms of Art, and Phrases used in the English-Tongue, with proper Latin suited to them"—there is given its Latin Counterpart, "Ignorat quid distant æra lupinis, *he knows not a Hawk from a handsaw.*" In Ainsworth's Dictionary, 1736, we have, under Hawk, the same proverb quoted, linked to the same Latin Companion,—like a Briton and Roman handcuffed together—and there, under Lupinus, we have "Comic money made of lupines or hops. Ignorat quid distant æra lupinis, like our proverb, He knows not a pig from a dog—*Hor.*" From this it seems clear to us, that in the days of the former of those old Lexicographers, when the Third Folio was running its course, the Proverb used by Hamlet was a familiar one, and meant just what it says: He does not know a Hawk (Accipiter) from a Handsaw (Serrula), and that it continued to be so viewed for more than a hundred years later.

We should dread the charge of having used "unvenerable hands," and beware of disturbing, except in cases of plain-to-see typographic error, even a single syllable of the language of one whose fame and influence may be as far stretching and broadening as is pictured in the following words of Thomas Carlyle:—

"For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspeare!

"Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, remarkable, tangibly useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall-out and fight, but live at peace, in brother-like intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; *in*destructible; really more valuable in that point of view, than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence."

To which striking passage may, very naturally, be appended an extract from Nassau Senior's Conversations with Thiers, Guizot, &c., where M. de Circourt says (in 1854) to Senior:

"The missions of England have been many. One was to introduce into the world representative government; another was to give it free trade; another is to keep alive for happier times the embers of liberty that still remain in Europe. But your great mission is that which was foretold by Shakspeare with his wonderful spirit of prophecy, not twenty years after the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot in the new world. It is to found empires; to be *magna virûm mater;* to scatter wide the civilised man. Fifty years hence the United States will be more populous, richer, and more powerful than any European community. Two hundred years hence Australia will be a greater nation, or system of nations, than the present United States. Three or four hundred millions of men, the most energetic in the world, will then speak English. French, Italian, and German will be dialects, as comparatively insignificant as Dutch and Portuguese are now. Those who desire wide and permanent fame should write in English."

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Lines in The Winters Tale containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

Sicilia means to pay *Bohemia* the *V*isitation . . .	Page	1
their *E*ncounters (though not Personal)	,,	1
it is a *G*entleman of the greatest Promise . . .	,,	2
Farewell (our *B*rother)	,,	3
Yet of your *R*oyal presence	,,	3
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread *V*erily . .	,,	4
And to be *B*oy eternal	,,	4
Was Innocence, for *I*nnocence	,,	4
O would her *N*ame were *Grace*	,,	5
But not for joy; not joy. This *E*ntertainment . .	,,	6
But to be paddling Palms and pinching *F*ingers . .	,,	6
Upon his *P*alm? How now (you wanton Calf) . . .	,,	6
(And that beyond *C*ommission)	,,	7
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest *F*riend . .	,,	7
Will you take *E*ggs for Money?	,,	7
My *P*arasite, my Soldier: States-man; all: . . .	,,	7
He would not stay at your *P*etitions, made . . .	,,	9
His *B*usiness more material	,,	9
By any understanding *P*ate but thine?	,,	9
For thy *C*onceit is soaking	,,	9
Perchance are to this *B*usiness purblind? . . .	,,	9
Thy *P*enitent reform'd:	,,	10

Deceiv'd in thy *I*ntegrity	Page	10
I play'd the *F*ool, it was my negligence	,,	10
Of breaking *H*onesty)	,,	11
Inclining to them both: were my Wives *L*iver . . .	,,	12
To see alike mine Honour, as their *P*rofits . . .	,,	12
Which *H*onour do's acknowledge	,,	14
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st *I*nfection . .	,,	15
Two days ago. This *J*ealousy	,,	16
To fright me with your *S*prights:	,,	18
There is a *P*lot against my Life, my Crown; . . .	,,	18
There's some ill *P*lanet reigns:	,,	20
My *W*omen may be with me, for you see	,,	20
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine *H*onour .	,,	21
(For in an *A*ct of this importance	,,	22
Myself your loyal *S*ervant, your Physician . . .	,,	27
The sacred *H*onour of himself, his Queens . . .	,,	28
His hopeful Sons, his Babes, betrays to *S*lander . .	,,	28
As ever Oak, or *S*tone was sound	,,	28
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her *H*usband .	,,	28
Although the *P*rint be little	,,	29
The very Mould and frame of *H*and, *N*ail, Finger) .	,,	29
Hardly one *S*ubject	,,	29
On your *A*llegiance	,,	29
Like offices of *P*itty	,,	31
In more than this deed do's require; and *B*lessing .	,,	31
Lord the King, thy *R*oyal *H*usband:	,,	33
To say, Not guilty: mine *I*ntegrity	,,	34
But thus, if Powers *D*ivine	,,	34
I doubt not then, but *I*nnocence shall make	,,	34
Than *H*istory can pattern	,,	34
To prate and talk for *L*ife and Honour, fore . . .	,,	34
The bound of *H*onour	,,	34
Cry fie upon my *G*rave	,,	34

Which comes to me in name of *F*ault . . . . . Page 35
Both Disobedience, and *I*ngratitude . . . . . ,, 35
To you, and toward your *F*riend, whose *L*ove had spoke . ,, 35
Even since it could speak, from an *I*nfant, freely . . ,, 35
You speak a *L*anguage that I understand not . . . . ,, 35
Of *P*ity, not Revenge . . . . . ,, 36
Apollo's angry and the *H*eavens themselves . . . ,, 37
My swift command: though I with *D*eath . . . . ,, 38
Fancies too weak for *B*oys . . . . . ,, 38
than the poor *T*hing is here . . . . . ,, 42
my Land and *L*iving lies . . . . . ,, 49
Most *G*oddess-like prank'd up: . . . . . ,, 50
Thy *F*athers ground . . . . . ,, 50
(The *F*lower-de-Luce being one) . . . . . ,, 54
When you speak (*S*weet) . . . . . ,, 54
My *F*ather of this business . . . . . ,, 62
Sent by the King your *F*ather . . . . . ,, 67
But that you have your *F*athers Bosom there . . . ,, 67
There shall not, at your *F*athers *H*ouse . . . . ,, 67
What a *F*ool Honesty is? . . . . . ,, 68
and admiring the *N*othing of it . . . . . ,, 69
I am a poor *F*ellow, Sir . . . . . ,, 69
and change *G*arments with this Gentleman . . . ,, 69
Indeed I have had *E*arnest . . . . . ,, 69
Sure the *G*ods do this year connive at us . . . ,, 70
a piece of *I*niquity . . . . . ,, 70
My *B*usiness, Sir, is to the King . . . . . ,, 72
Destroy'd the sweet'st *C*ompanion, that ere man . . ,, 75
Care not for *I*ssue . . . . . ,, 76
Give me the *O*ffice . . . . . ,, 77
Son of *Polixenes*, with his *P*rincess . . . . ,, 78
Your self (assisted with your honour'd *F*riends) . . ,, 79
Can send his Brother: and but *I*nfirmity . . . ,, 79

Oh my *B*rother . . . . . Page 80
Desires you to attach his *S*on, who ha's . . . . ,, 81
as if that *J*oy were now become a Loss . . . . ,, 84
and call'd me *B*rother . . . . . ,, 86
call'd my Father *B*rother . . . . . ,, 86
and then the Prince (my *B*rother . . . . ,, 86
and the Princess (my Sister) call'd my *F*ather, *F*ather . . ,, 86
swear it, in the behalf of his *F*riend . . . . ,, 87
thou art no tall *F*ellow of thy hands . . . . ,, 87
Still Sleep mock'd *D*eath: . . . . . ,, 88
As *I*nfancy and Grace . . . . . ,, 88
My *E*vils conjur'd to remembrance . . . . ,, 88
You hear my *S*pell is lawful: . . . . . ,, 91
Nay, present your *H*and . . . . . ,, 91
You *G*ods look down . . . . . ,, 91

Lines in The Winters Tale containing Words showing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio (1632).

So soon as yours, could win me: so it *S*hould now . .	Page	3
She is spread of *L*ate	,,	17
False *A*ccusation blush	,,	34
I have *R*eason	,,	64

Lines in The Winters' Tale containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664).

Wherein our *E*ntertainment shall shame us: . . .	Page	1
their Encounters (though not *P*ersonal)	,,	1
hath been *R*oyally attornied	,,	1
I think there is not in the *W*orld	,,	2
desire yet their life, to see him a *M*an	,,	2
it is a Gentleman of the greatest *P*romise . . .	,,	2
Nine *C*hanges of the *W*atry-Star hath been . . .	,,	2
Stay your *T*hanks awhile	,,	2
One *S*eve'night longer	,,	3
There is no *T*ongue that moves; none, none i'th' *W*orld .	,,	3
Twere needful I deny'd it. My *A*ffairs	,,	3
Were (in your Love) a *W*hip to me	,,	3
The borrow of a *W*eek	,,	3
You put me off with limber *V*ows	,,	4
Should yet say, Sir, no going: *V*erily	,,	4
You shall not go; a Ladys *V*erily 'is	,,	4
Force me to keep you as a *P*risoner	,,	4
*C*ome, I'll question you	,,	4
Of my Lords *T*ricks, and yours, when you were *B*oys . .	,,	4
The verier *W*ag o'th'two	,,	4
Was *I*nnocence, for Innocence	,,	4
That any did: *H*ad we pursu'd that life . . .	,,	4
And our weak *S*pirits ne'er been higher rear'd . . .	,,	4
Boldly, not guilty; the *I*mposition clear'd . . .	,,	4
In those unfledg'd days, was my *W*ife a Girl . . .	,,	5
Our praises are our *W*ages	,,	5
With one soft *K*iss a thousand Furlongs . . .	,,	5

Ere I could make thee open thy white *H*and . . .	Page	5
From *H*eartiness, from *B*ounty, fertile *B*osom . . .	,,	6
Art thou my *B*oy?	,,	6
As o'er-dy'd Blacks, as *W*inds, as *W*aters . . .	,,	6
Look on me with your *W*elkin eye: sweet *V*illain . .	,,	6
Affection? thy *I*ntention stabs the Centre . . .	,,	6
as if you held a *B*row of much distraction . . .	,,	7
Its tenderness? and make it self a *P*astime . . .	,,	7
You will: why happy man be's dole. My *B*rother . .	,,	7
He's all my *E*xercise, my Mirth, my Matter . . .	,,	7
Now my sworn *F*riend, and then mine *E*nemy . . .	,,	7
That have revolted *W*ives, the tenth of Mankind . .	,,	8
It will let in and out the *E*nemy	,,	8
Have the *D*isease and feel't not	,,	9
More than the common *B*locks	,,	9
Hast cleans'd my *B*osom	,,	10
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich *S*take drawn .	,,	10
Are such allowed *I*nfirmities	,,	10
Be plainer with me, let me Know my *T*respas . . .	,,	10
To have nor *E*yes, nor *E*ars, nor *T*hought . . .	,,	11
My *W*ifes a Holy-Horse	,,	11
As rank as any Flax-*W*ench	,,	11
(a *N*ote infallible	,,	11
Hours, Minutes? Noon, Mid-night? and all *E*yes . .	,,	11
Blind with the *P*in and *W*eb, but theirs . . .	,,	11
Why then the *W*orld, and all that's in't, is nothing. .	,,	11
My Wife is nothing, nor *N*othing have these *N*othings.	,,	11
Of this diseas'd *O*pinion, and betimes	,,	11
To see alike mine *H*onour	,,	12
Have *B*ench'd and rear'd to *W*orship	,,	12
and Earth sees *H*eaven	,,	12
To give mine *E*nemy a lasting *W*ink	,,	12
Which *D*raught to me, were Cordial	,,	12

Maliciously, like *P*oison: But I cannot . . . . . Page 12
(So Sovereignly being *H*onourable) . . . . . ,, 12
Sully the purity and whiteness of my *S*heets . . . . ,, 12
(Which to preserve, is *S*leep . . . . . ,, 12
I'll give no blemish to her *H*onour, none . . . . ,, 13
As *F*riendship wears at Feasts . . . . . ,, 13
Let *V*illany itself forswear't . . . . . ,, 13
This is strange: *M*e thinks . . . . . ,, 13
Hail most *R*oyal Sir . . . . . ,, 13
What is the *N*ews i'th'Court? . . . . . ,, 13
Be yoked with his, that did betray the *B*est . . . . ,, 15
By all their *I*nfluences . . . . . ,, 15
Your Followers I will whisper to the *B*usiness . . . ,, 16
Good *E*xpedition be my friend . . . . . ,, 16
The most replenish'd Villain in the *W*orld . . . ,, 19
Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in *T*ears . . . ,, 21
Your *S*elf, your Queen, your Son . . . . ,, 21
The *I*nstruments that feel . . . . . ,, 22
Added to their *F*amiliarity . . . . . ,, 22
To see her *W*omen? *A*ny of them? Emilia? . . . ,, 23
I must be present at your *C*onference . . . . ,, 24
And never to my red-look'd *A*nger be . . . . ,, 24
Nor night, nor day, no rest. *I*t is but weakness . . ,, 25
Is quite beyond mine *A*rm . . . . . ,, 25
in comforting your *E*vils . . . . . ,, 27
Here 'tis. *C*ommends it to your blessing . . . ,, 27
I am a Feather for each *W*ind that blows . . . ,, 30
To save the *I*nnocent . . . . . ,, 31
and thy *B*odys torture . . . . . ,, 31
Less *I*mpudence to gain-say . . . . . ,, 34
(Those of your *F*act are so) . . . . . ,, 35
And first *F*ruits of my body . . . . . ,, 36
Thy *T*yranny . . . . . ,, 38

the *S*pirits o'th'dead . . . . . Page 41
Hath made thy person for the *T*hower out . . . . ,, 41
She melted into *A*ir . . . . . ,, 41
*I*magine me . . . . . ,, 44
from whom I have this *I*ntelligence . . . . . ,, 46
That's likewise part of my *I*ntelligence . . . . . ,, 46
*I*f this be a horsemans Coat . . . . . ,, 48
How now? *C*anst stand? . . . . . ,, 48
a *K*insman not past . . . . . ,, 49
What manner of *F*ellow was he that robb'd you . . ,, 49
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*I*f young Doricles . . . . . ,, 55
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Contract us fore these *W*itnesses . . . . . ,, 61
*P*ray you once more . . . . . ,, 62
*I*s he not stupid . . . . . ,, 62
And you *E*nchantment . . . . . ,, 63
I am put to *S*ea . . . . . ,, 65
'Twixt his unkindness and his *K*indness . . . . . ,, 67
and speak his very *H*eart . . . . . ,, 67
To unpath'd *W*aters . . . . . ,, 67
She is i'th'rear 'our *B*irth . . . . . ,, 68
She lacks *I*nstructions . . . . . ,, 68
I'll blush you *T*hanks . . . . . ,, 68
and scar'd my *C*houghs from the Chaff . . . . . ,, 69

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this *C*omplaint may be to the flight	,,	71
Your *A*ffairs there?	,,	71
the *C*ondition of that Farthel?	,,	71
Reflect I not on thy *B*aseness	,,	72
from thee thy *B*usiness	,,	72
thy *B*usiness there	,,	72
to open thy *A*ffair	,,	72
A great man, I'll warrant	,,	72
I know by the picking on's *T*eeth	,,	72
Sir, there lies such *S*ecrets	,,	72
should have married a Shepherds *D*aughter	,,	73
and *V*engeance bitter	,,	73
'nointed over with *H*oney	,,	73
and though *A*uthority be a stubborn Bear	,,	73
to undertake the *B*usiness	,,	74
Well, give me the *M*oity	,,	74
*A*re you a party in this *B*usiness?	,,	74
when the *B*usiness is performed	,,	74
*W*alk before toward the Seaside	,,	74
(*G*old and a means to do	,,	74
Her, and her *V*irtues	,,	75
you wedded all the *W*orld	,,	75
To make a perfect *W*oman	,,	75
Upon thy *T*ongue, as in my *T*hought	,,	75
What *D*angers, by his Highness fail of Issue	,,	76
With a sweet *F*ellow to't	,,	76
No more such *W*ives, therefore no *W*ife	,,	76
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bear witness to his *O*ath	,,	77
As like *Hermion*', as is her *P*icture	,,	77
that she is a *W*oman	,,	78
Your Mother was most true to *W*edlock	,,	79

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Purge all *I*nfection from our Air . . . . . ,, 80
they kneel, they kiss the *E*arth . . . . . ,, 81
Your *C*hoice is not so rich in Worth . . . . . ,, 82
Though *Fortune*, visible an *E*nemy . . . . . ,, 82
Even in these *L*ooks I made . . . . . ,, 82
*U*pon which Errand . . . . . ,, 82
*W*hereupon (after a little amazedness) . . . . . ,, 83
I make a broken delivery of the *B*usiness . . . . ,, 83
Ha's the King found his *H*eir? . . . . . ,, 83
holding up of *H*ands . . . . . ,, 84
then embraces his Son-in-*L*aw . . . . . ,, 84
a *W*eather-bitten Conduit . . . . . ,, 84
never heard of such another *E*ncounter . . . . ,, 84
This avouches the Shepherds *S*on . . . . . ,, 84
not only his *I*nnocence . . . . . ,, 84
But oh the Noble *C*ombat . . . . . ,, 84
(caught the *W*ater, though not the Fish) . . . . ,, 85
(had he himself *E*ternity . . . . . ,, 85
and could put *B*reath . . . . . ,, 85
visited that removed *H*ouse . . . . . ,, 85
and with our company piece the *R*ejoicing . . . . ,, 85
that ha's the benefit of *A*ccess . . . . . ,, 85
our *A*bsence makes us unthrifty . . . . . ,, 85
over-fond of the Shepherds *D*aughter . . . . ,, 86
extremity of *W*eather continuing . . . . ,, 86
the finder-out of this *S*ecret . . . . . ,, 86
Come *B*oy . . . . . ,, 86
I know thou art no tall *F*ellow . . . . . ,, 87
To see the *L*ife as lively mock'd . . . . . ,, 88
Now piercing to my *S*oul . . . . . ,, 88
The very *L*ife seems warm upon her Lip . . . . ,, 89
For this *A*ffliction has a taste . . . . . ,, 90

Lines in The Winters Tale containing Words showing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Third Folio (1664).

(So *S*overeignly being Honourable)	Page	12
Profess'd to him: *W*hy his Revenges must	,,	16
No: *I*f I mistake	,,	20
Acquaint the Queen of your most *N*oble offer	,,	25
You're *L*iars all	,,	30
Of the *G*rave Wearers	,,	32
The *C*rown and comfort of my Life	,,	36
Come, poor *B*abe	,,	41
I never saw a *V*essel of like sorrow	,,	41
Like very *S*anctity she did approach	,,	41
(Either for life, or death) upon the *E*arth	,,	41
That for thy *M*others fault	,,	42
if any where I have them, 'tis by the *S*ea-side	,,	42
A *B*oy, or a Child I wonder?	,,	42
And then for the Land-service, *T*o see	,,	43
and the *S*ea mock'd them	,,	43
both roaring louder than the *S*ea, or *W*eather	,,	43
The *T*imes that brought them in	,,	44
some question with the *S*hepherd	,,	46
What will this *S*ister of mine do with Rice	,,	48
he sings Psalms to horn-*P*ipes	,,	48
I must go buy Spices for our *S*heep-shearing	,,	49
Your *P*urse is not hot enough	,,	49
I'll be with you at your *S*heep-shearing too	,,	49
A *M*erry heart goes all the day	,,	50

the *S*hapes of Beasts upon them	Page	51
Run not before mine *H*onour	,,	51
Though *D*estiny say no	,,	51
Your *G*uests are comming	,,	51
Of *C*elebration of that *N*uptial	,,	51
would sing her *S*ong	,,	52
These are *F*low'rs	,,	53
Of middle *S*ummer	,,	53
as he had eaten *B*allads	,,	56
he makes the *M*aid to answer	,,	56
and the work about the *S*quare on't	,,	56
Masks for *F*aces, and for *N*oses:	,,	57
Bugle-*B*racelet	,,	57
For my Lads, to give their *D*ears	,,	57
Is there no manners left among *M*aids	,,	57
tittle-tatling before all our *G*uests	,,	57
Toads *C*arbonado'd	,,	58
Here's another *B*allad of a Fish	,,	58
this *B*allad against the hard hearts of *M*aids	,,	58
This is a merry *B*allad	,,	58
tune of two *M*aids wooing a man	,,	58
scarce a Maid *W*estward but she sings it	,,	58
My dainty Duck, my *D*ear-a?	,,	59
Come to the Pedlar, Money's a *M*edler	,,	59
*P*ray let's see these four-threes	,,	59
As soft as Doves-*D*own	,,	60
Nuptial of his son, a *G*uest	,,	62
By my white *B*eard	,,	62
Thou a Scepters *H*eir	,,	62
I am: and by my *F*ancy	,,	64
will I break my *O*ath	,,	65
I leave out *C*eremony	,,	65
*I*t shall be so my care	,,	68

How now (*G*ood Fellow) . . . . . Page 69
whither are you *B*ound . . . . . ,, 71
set on the *H*ead of a Wasps Nest . . . . . ,, 73
'Tis your *C*ounsel . . . . . ,, 76
gladly know the *I*ssue of it . . . . . ,, 83
there is such unity in the *P*roofs . . . . . ,, 84
As she liv'd *P*eerless . . . . . ,, 88
Upon my *D*aughters head . . . . . ,, 91
My self, to see the *I*ssue . . . . . ,, 91

Lines in The Winters Tale containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Fourth Folio (1685).

We will give you sleepy Drinks, that your *S*enses	Page	1
with enterchange of *G*ifts	,,	1
To you a *C*harge, and *T*rouble:	,,	3
My *P*risoner? or my Guest?	,,	4
But your kind *H*ostess	,,	4
With *S*pur we heat an Acre	,,	5
what? has't smutch'd thy *N*ose	,,	6
as *W*ind, as *W*aters;	,,	6
As *D*ice are to be wish'd	,,	6
To say this *B*oy were like me	,,	6
Most dear'st, my *C*ollop: Can thy *D*am	,,	6
Communicat'st with *D*reams	,,	7
*N*ot noted, is't	,,	9
From *C*ourse requir'd:	,,	10
Had *S*ervants true about me	,,	12
His *C*up-bearer, whom I from meaner form	,,	12
Plainly, as *H*eaven sees *E*arth	,,	12
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your *H*ighness	,,	12
Account me not your *S*ervant	,,	13
Take the *B*oy to you	,,	17
Th'abhor'd *I*ngredient to his eye	,,	18
What is this? *S*port	,,	19
That *M*ercy do's, for Calumny will sear	,,	19
The most replenish'd *V*illain in the *W*orld	,,	19
O thou *T*hing	,,	19

Which I'll not call a *C*reature of thy place . . . Page 19
A *B*ed-swerver, even as bad as those . . . . . ,, 20
That *V*ulgars give bold'st Titles . . . . . ,, 20
In those *F*oundations which I build upon . . . ,, 20
The *C*entre is not big enough to bear . . . . ,, 20
A School-*B*oys Top . . . . . ,, 20
I must be patient, till the *H*eavens look . . . ,, 20
I am not prone to weeping (as our *S*ex . . . . ,, 20
Worse than *T*ears drown: . . . . . ,, 20
Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your *H*ighness . . ,, 20
There is no cause: *W*hen you shall know . . . ,, 20
this *A*ction I now go on . . . . . ,, 21
My *W*omen come, you have leave . . . . ,, 21
Beseech your *H*ighness call the Queen again . . . ,, 21
i'th'eyes of *H*eaven . . . . . ,, 21
I'll keep my *S*tables where . . . . . ,, 21
I lodge my *W*ife . . . . . ,, 21
For every inch of Woman in the *W*orld . . . . ,, 21
Ay, every dram of *W*omans flesh is false . . . ,, 21
To have her *H*onour true, than your suspicion . . . ,, 22
Calls not your *C*ounsels . . . . . ,, 22
The *K*eeper of the prison, call to him: . . . . ,, 23
Her *A*dvocate to th'loud'st . . . . . ,, 24
She, th'Adultress: for the harlot-*K*ing . . . . ,, 25
To see his *N*obleness . . . . . ,, 26
The very thought of my *R*evenges . . . . ,, 26
*F*or present Vengeance . . . . . ,, 26
Take up the *B*astard . . . . . ,, 28
His hopeful Sons, his *B*abes . . . . . ,, 28
(For as the case now stands, it is a *C*urse . . . ,, 28
The *R*oot of his *O*pinion . . . . . ,, 28
This *B*rat is none of mine . . . . . ,, 28
And *C*oppy of the Father . . . . . ,, 29

the trick of's Frown, his *F*ore-head	Page	29
A gross *H*ag	,,	29
That wilt not stay her *T*ongue	,,	29
Hang all the *H*usbands	,,	29
than your own weak-hing'd *F*ancy	,,	29
Of *T*yranny	,,	29
Yea, scandalous to the *W*orld	,,	29
Out of the *C*hamber with her. Were I a *T*yrant . .	,,	29
A better guiding *S*pirit	,,	29
So, so: *F*arewell, we are gone	,,	30
Thou (Traitor) hast set on thy *W*ife to this . . .	,,	30
And wilt encounter with my *W*rath	,,	30
*G*o, take it to the fire	,,	30
For thou sett'st on thy *W*ife	,,	30
These Lords, my *N*oble *F*ellows	,,	30
Beseech your *H*ighness, give us better credit . . .	,,	30
to see this *B*astard kneel	,,	30
To save this *B*astards life; for 'tis a *B*astard . .	,,	30
So sure as this *B*eard's gray	,,	30
To save this *B*rats life	,,	30
And *N*obleness impose	,,	31
Swear by this *S*word	,,	31
On thy *S*ouls peril, and thy *B*odys torture . . .	,,	31
Where *C*hance may nurse	,,	31
(Poor *T*hing, condemn'd to loss)	,,	31
As I weigh *G*rief	,,	34
I lov'd him, as in *H*onour he requir'd	,,	35
With such a kind of *L*ove, as might become . . .	,,	35
A Lady like me; with a *L*ove, even such . . .	,,	35
Both *D*isobedience, and *I*ngratitude	,,	35
Now for *C*onspiracy	,,	35
And why he left your *C*ourt	,,	35
Your *A*ctions are my Dreams	,,	35

You had a *B*astard by Polixenes . . . . Page 35
Thy *B*rat hath been cast out . . . . . ,, 35
Shalt feel our *J*ustice . . . . . ,, 35
Sir, spare your *T*hreats . . . . . ,, 36
The *B*ug which you would fright me with . . . ,, 36
To me can *L*ife . . . . . ,, 36
*W*ith immodest hatred . . . . . ,, 36
To *W*omen of all fashion . . . . . ,, 36
mistake me not: no *L*ife . . . . . ,, 36
but for mine *H*onour . . . . . ,, 36
Your *H*onours all . . . . . ,, 36
(And in Apollo's Name) his *O*racle . . . . ,, 36
His Daughters *T*rial . . . . . ,, 36
Of Pity, not *R*evenge . . . . . ,, 36
There is no truth at all i'th'*O*racle . . . . ,, 37
Do strike at my *I*njustice . . . . . ,, 37
My great profaneness 'gainst thine *O*racle . . . ,, 37
(Whom I proclaim a man of *T*ruth, of *M*ercy) . . . ,, 37
And fill'd with *H*onour) to my Kingly *G*uest . . . ,, 38
No richer than his *H*onour . . . . . ,, 38
O cut my *L*ace . . . . . ,, 38
What studied torments (*T*yrant) hast for me . . . ,, 38
What *W*heels? *R*acks? *F*ires? *W*hat flaying? boiling? . ,, 38
In Leads, or Oils? *W*hat old, or newer *T*orture . . ,, 38
For Girls of *N*ine . . . . . ,, 38
To have him kill a King: poor *T*respasses . . . ,, 38
Upon a barren Mountain, and still *W*inter . . . ,, 39
I do repent: *A*las, I have shew'd too much . . . ,, 39
To th'*N*oble heart . . . . . ,, 39
Since *F*ate (against thy better disposition) . . . ,, 41
wronging the *A*ncientry . . . . . ,, 42
A boy, or a *C*hild I wonder . . . . . ,, 42
Mercy on's, a *B*arn . . . . . ,, 42

sure some *S*cape . . . . . Page 42
yet that *T*ime himself doth say . . . . . ,, 45
If I make not this *C*heat . . . . . ,, 49
But Nature makes that *M*ean . . . . . ,, 53
Here's another ballad of a *F*ish . . . . . ,, 58
I'th *V*irtue of your daughter . . . . . ,, 61
*R*eason my son . . . . . ,, 62
As shall become your *H*ighness . . . . . ,, 66
His *W*elcomes forth . . . . . ,, 66
What colour for my *V*isitation . . . . . ,, 67
To *M*iseries enough . . . . . ,, 67
Prosperitys the very bond of *L*ove . . . . . ,, 67
I think Affliction may subdue the *C*heek . . . . ,, 67
She's as forward, of her *B*reeding, as . . . . ,, 68
all my *T*rompery: not a counterfeit *S*tone, not a *R*ibbon, . ,, 68
*G*lass, *P*omander, *B*rooch, *T*able-book, *B*allad, *K*nife . . ,, 68
*T*ape, *G*love, *S*hoe-tie, *B*racelet, *H*orn-ring, . . . ,, 68
my *P*ack from fasting . . . . . ,, 68
whose *P*urse was best in *P*icture . . . . ,, 68
grew so in love with the Wenches *S*ong . . . . ,, 68
that he would not stir his *P*etty-toes . . . . ,, 68
till he had both *T*une and *W*ords . . . . ,, 68
the *H*erd to me . . . . . ,, 68
that all their other *S*enses stuck in *E*ars . . . ,, 68
to geld a Cod-piece of a *P*urse . . . . . ,, 68
but my *S*irs *S*ong . . . . . ,, 68
scar'd my *C*houghs from the *C*haff . . . . ,, 69
I had not left a *P*urse alive . . . . . ,, 69
We'll make an *I*nstrument of this . . . . ,, 69
*F*ear not (man) . . . . . ,, 69
take your sweet-hearts *H*at . . . . . ,, 69
and pluck it o'er your *B*rows . . . . . ,, 69
Nay, you shall have no *H*at . . . . . ,, 70

a good *N*ose . . . . . Page 70
work for th'other *S*enses . . . . . ,, 70
*S*ure the Gods . . . . . ,, 70
the Kings *B*rother in Law . . . . . ,, 71
and then your *B*lood had been . . . . . ,, 71
make him scratch his *B*eard . . . . . ,, 71
to the flight of my *M*aster . . . . . ,, 71
pocket up my *P*edlars excrement . . . . . ,, 71
give us (Soldiers) the Lie . . . . . ,, 72
not stabbing *S*teel . . . . . ,, 72
do not give us the *L*ie . . . . . ,, 72
Are you a *C*ourtier . . . . . ,, 72
I am *C*ourtier Cap-a-pe . . . . . ,, 72
What *A*dvocate hast thou to him . . . . . ,, 72
I have no Pheasant *C*ock, nor *H*en . . . . . ,, 72
Yet *N*ature might have made me . . . . . ,, 72
He seems to be the more *N*oble . . . . . ,, 72
*W*herefore that Box? . . . . . ,, 72
Have taken Treasure from her *L*ips . . . . . ,, 76
Like to his Fathers *G*reatness . . . . . ,, 78
make *P*roselytes . . . . . ,, 78
where the *W*arlike Smalus . . . . . ,, 80
I have from your Sicilian *S*hores . . . . . ,, 80
Might I a Son and *D*aughter . . . . . ,, 81
*T*o your Court . . . . . ,, 81
The Heaven sets *S*pies upon us . . . . . ,, 81
in Worth, as *B*eauty, ... ,, 82
with thought of such *A*ffections . . . . . ,, 82
Then have you lost a *S*ight . . . . . ,, 84
that carried hence the *C*hild . . . . . ,, 84
Who was most *M*arble . . . . . ,, 85
and there they intend to *S*up . . . . . ,, 85
but thy Sons and *D*aughters . . . . . ,, 86

See you these *C*lothes?	Page	86
How if it be false (*S*on)?	,,	87
thou wouldst be a tall *F*ellow	,,	87
all my *S*ervices	,,	87
As Infancy and *G*race	,,	88
Do's not the *S*tone rebuke me	,,	88
For being more *S*tone than it	,,	88
and then implore her *B*lessing	,,	89
My Lord, your *S*orrow	,,	89
(for the *S*tone is mine)	,,	89
No settled *S*enses of the World can match . . .	,,	89
As any *C*ordial comfort	,,	90
The ruddiness upon her *L*ip, is wet	,,	90
Bequeath to *D*eath your numbness	,,	91
her *A*ctions shall be holy	,,	91
And from your sacred *V*iols	,,	91
*T*ell me (mine own)	,,	91
*W*here liv'd? *H*ow found	,,	91
Your joys, with like *R*elation	,,	91

Lines in The Winters Tale containing Words showing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Fourth Folio (1685).

And with his varying *C*hild-ness, cures in me	Page	7
Thoughts, that would thick my *B*lood	,,	7
Inch-thick, *K*nee-deep;	,,	8
Whereof the *E*xecution did cry out	,,	10
Of Laughter, with a *S*igh!	,,	11
Come-on, sit down, *C*ome-on, and do your best	,,	18
How he hath drunk, he cracks his *G*orge	,,	18
More: *S*he's a Traitor	,,	20
The King's *W*ill be perform'd	,,	20
If I prove *H*oney-mouth'd, let my tongue blister	,,	24
But durst not tempt a *M*inister of honour	,,	25
A gracious, innocent *S*oul	,,	26
Youl'd call your *C*hildren, yours	,,	28
Camillo for the *M*inister	,,	38
Thou art perfect then, our *S*hip	,,	40
both breed thee (*P*retty)	,,	41
hath a *D*aughter of most rare note:	,,	46
the Angle that plucks our *S*on thither	,,	46
the cause of my *S*ons resort	,,	46
the red blood raigns in the *W*inters pale	,,	46
With hey the sweet *B*irds	,,	47
While we *L*ay tumbling	,,	47
With Dye and *D*rab	,,	47
Beating and *H*anging are *T*errors	,,	47
What comes the *W*ool to	,,	47

But my *F*ather hath made her Mistress . . . . Page 48
Nose-gays for the *S*hearers . . . . . ,, 48
and then *D*eath, *D*eath . . . . . ,, 48
Alack poor *S*oul . . . . . ,, 48
What, by a *H*orse-man, or a *F*oot-man? . . . ,, 48
A *F*ootman (sweet Sir) a *F*ootman . . . . ,, 48
Indeed he should be a *F*ootman, by the *G*arments . . ,, 48
If this be a *H*orsemans Coat . . . . . ,, 48
Alas poor *S*oul . . . . . ,, 48
I fear (sir) my *S*houlder-blade is out . . . . ,, 48
three quarters of a *M*ile hence . . . . . ,, 49
I knew him once a *S*ervant of the Prince . . . ,, 49
there's no *V*irtue whipt out of the Court . . . ,, 49
compast a Motion of the Prodigal *S*on . . . . ,, 49
and the *S*hearers prove *S*heep . . . . . ,, 50
This your *S*heep-shearing . . . . . ,, 50
Were never for a piece of *B*eauty . . . . ,, 51
Lift up your *C*ountenance . . . . . ,, 51
Fy (*D*aughter) when my old *W*ife liv'd . . . . ,, 52
Come, quench your *B*lushes . . . . . ,, 52
And bid us welcome to your *S*heep-shearing . . . ,, 52
As your good *F*lock shall prosper . . . . ,, 52
With *F*low'rs of Winter . . . . . ,, 52
Not yet on *S*ummers death . . . . . ,, 52
Of trembling *W*inter, the fairest *F*low'rs o'th *S*eason . . ,, 52
Which some call Natures *B*astards . . . . ,, 52
you see (sweet Maid) we *M*arry . . . . . ,, 53
And do not call them *B*astards . . . . . ,, 53
were I of your *F*lock . . . . . ,, 53
and my sweet *F*riend . . . . . ,, 54
A *W*ave o'th Sea . . . . . ,, 54
but that your *Y*outh . . . . . ,, 54
Which dances with your *D*aughter . . . . ,, 55

he says he loves my *D*aughter	Page	55
Upon the *W*ater	,,	55
as 'twere my *D*aughters *E*yes:	,,	55
and all mens *E*ars	,,	56
I love a *B*allad	,,	56
He hath *S*ongs for man, or woman	,,	56
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THE WINTERS TALE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed ——

Cam. 'Beseech you ——

Arch. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—We will give you sleepy Drinks, that your Senses (un-intelligent of our insufficience) may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal to dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia:* They were train'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royal Necessities, made seperation of their Society, their Encounters (though not Personal) hath been Royally attornied with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they

have seem'd to be together, though absent: shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius:* it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physics the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Star hath been
The Shepherds Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long again
Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cipher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank you, many thousands mo,
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd
To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leo. One Seve'night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.
Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-saying.
Pol. Press me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that moves: none, none i'th'World
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My Affairs
Do even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Love) a Whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both,
Farewell (our Brother.)
Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, until
You had drawn Oaths from him, not to stay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaim'd, say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*
Her. To tell, he longs to see his Son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with Distaffs.
Yet of your Royal presence, I'll adventure
The borrow of a Week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, I'll give him my Commission,
To let him there a Month, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes,*
I love thee not a Jar o'th'Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber Vows: but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verily
You shall not go; a Ladys Verily 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boys:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (fair Queen)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternal.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th'two?
Pol. We were as twin'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak Spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's: for
In those unfledg'd days, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are Devils: yet go on,
Th'offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us: and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my request he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me: cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kiss a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goal:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace.*
But once before I spoke to th'purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy self, my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.

Why lo-you now; I have spoke to th'purpose twice:
The one, for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: derive a Liberty
From Heartiness, from Bounty, fertile Bosom,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I grant:
But to be paddling Palms, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th'Deer: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosom likes not, nor my Brows. *Mamillius,*
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I 'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captain:
And yet the Steer, the Heicfer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Upon his Palm? How now (you wanton Calf)
Art thou my Calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Eggs; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o'er-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Look on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villain,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Centre.

Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's unreal: thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Brows.)

Pol. What means *Sicilia?*

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderness? and make it self a Pastime
To harder bosoms? Looking on the Lines
Of my Boys face, me thoughts I did recoil
Twenty three years, and saw myself un-breech'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzl'd,
Lest it should bite it's Master, and so prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernel,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) I'll fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Soldier: States-man; all:
He makes a Julys day, short as December,
And with his varying child-ness, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
How thou lov'st us, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thy self, and my young Rover, he's
Apparant to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Line)
Go to, go to.
How she holds up the Neb? the Bill to him?
And arms her with the boldness of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
Go play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Go play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this) holds his Wife by th'Arm,
That little thinks she ha's been sluic'd in's absence.
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbour (by
Sir *Smile,* his Neighbour:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's

Have the Disease, and feel't not. How now Boy?
Mam. I am like you say.
Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. Go play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leo. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Business more material.
Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good Queens entreaty.
Leo. At the Queens be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Severals
Of Head-piece extraordinary? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my Lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistress.
Leo. Satisfy?
Th'entreaties of your Mistress? Satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My Chamber-Councils, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosom: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't: thou are not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Fool,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seen *Camillo?*
(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a Cuckolds Horn) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparent, Rumour

Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not think)
My Wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name
As rank as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My Sovereign Mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meeting Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Hours, Minutes? Noon, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross Lout, a mindless Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both: were my Wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glass.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medal, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honour, as their Profits,
(Their own particular Thrifts) they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lasting Wink:
Which Draught to me, were cordial.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like Poison: But I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Mistress
(So sovereignly being Honourable.)
I have lov'd thee,
Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot:
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint my self in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of my Sheets
(Which to preserve, is Sleep; which being spotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Wasps)
Give scandal to the blood o'th'Prince, my Son,
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must believe you (Sir)
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,

Even for your Sons sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known, and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'st advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her Honour, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As Friendship wears at Feasts, keep with *Bohemia,*
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beverage,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.
Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good *Polixenes,* and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy Star reign now,
Here comes *Bohemia.* *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is strange: Me thinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day *Camillo.*
Cam. Hail most Royal Sir.
Pol. What is the News i'th'Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he
Wafting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling
A Lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisk.
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo,*
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our Gentry, than our Parents Noble Names,
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou hear *Camillo,*
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honour do's acknowledge, whereof the least

Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou do'st guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That I think Honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both your self, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo.*

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turn
To an infected Jelly, and my Name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turn then my freshest Reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest Nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Star in Heaven, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsel) shake
The Fabric of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Business,
And will by twos, and threes, at several Posterns,
Clear them o'th'City: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
By this discovery lost.) Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my Parents, I
Have utter'd Truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemn'd by the Kings own mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This Jealousy
Is for a precious Creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and, as he does conceive,
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him: why his Revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theme; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The Keys of all the Posterns: Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a half-Moon, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-brows?

Lady. Blue (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a Ladys Nose
That ha's been blue, but not her eye-brows.

Lady. Hark ye,
The Queen (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these days, and then youl'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2. *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulk (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you again: 'Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit down, come-on, and do your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come sit down: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine ear.
Leon. Was he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How blest am I
In my just Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I have drunk, and seen the Spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Design, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posterns
So easily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd, than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her self
With that she's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.
Her. But I'd say he had not;
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
How e're you lean to th'Nay-ward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Look on her, mark her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest: Honourable;
Praise her but for this her without-door-Form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumny doth use; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumny will sear
Virtue itself) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't known
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
She's an Adultress.
Her. Should a Villain say so,
(The most replenish'd Villain in the World)
He were as much more Villain: you (my Lord)
Do but mistake.
Leo. You have mistook (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes:* O thou Thing,
(Which I'll not call a Creature of thy place,
Lest Barbarism (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out,

Betwixt the Prince and Beggar:) I have said
She's an Adultress, I have said with whom:
More; she's a Traitor, and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know her self,
But with her most vild Principal: that she's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st Titles; Ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not big enough to bear
A School-Boys Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speak for her, is a far-off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill Planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than Tears drown: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep (good Fools)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistress

Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in Tears,
As I come out; this Action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Go, do our bidding: hence.
Lord. Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.
Antig. Be certain what you do (Sir) lest your Justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Self, your Queen, your Son.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay down, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th'eyes of Heaven, and to you (I mean
In this, which you accuse her.)
Antig. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her:
For every inch of Woman in the World,
Ay, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antig. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villain,
I would Land-damn him: be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine: and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honour
I'll geld em all: fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my self, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus: and see withal
The Instruments that feel.
Antig. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I (my Lord)
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her Honour true, than your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your Counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth, like us: inform your selves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't born a fool: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as gross, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,

Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th'minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity, will not
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come follow us,
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were known. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.
Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Pau. Here's a-do, to lock up honesty and honour from
Th'access of gentle visitors. Is't lawful pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*
Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I

Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw yourselves.
Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.
Pau. Well: be't so; prithee.
Here's such a-do, to make no stain, a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: Says, my poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.
Pau. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me,
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to th'loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'Child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy Madam,
your honour, and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no Lady living
So meet for this great errand; please your Ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Lest she should be deny'd.
Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
I'll use that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, le't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it.
I'll to the Queen: please you come something nearer.
Gao. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it.
Having no warrant.
Pau. You need not fear it (sir)
This Child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By Law and process of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespass of the Queen.
Gao. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus: mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th cause,
She, th'Adultress: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain: plot-proof: but she,
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moity of my rest
Might come to me again. Whos there?
Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He took good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sickness is discharg'd.
Leo. To see his Nobleness,
Conceiving the dishonour of his Mother.
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo,* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Than the Queens life? A gracious innocent soul,
More free, than he is jealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.
Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.
Leo. Who noise there, ho?

Pau. No noise (my Lord) but needful conference,
About some Gossips for your Highness.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leo. What? canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal Servant, your Physician,
Your most obedient Counsellor: yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your Evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen (my Lord) good Queen,
I say good Queen,
And would by combat, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off,
But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.
Leo. Out:
A mankind Witch? Hence with her, out o'door:

A most intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad: which is enough, I'll warrant
(As this world goes) to pass for honest:
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not push her out? Give her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd: unroosted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the Bastard,
Take't up, I say: give't to thy Crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness
Which he ha's put upon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A nest of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's here: and that's himself: for he,
The sacred Honour of himself, his Queens,
His hopeful Sons, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak, or Stone was sound.
Leo. A Callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes,*
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheek; his Smiles:
The very Mould, and Frame of Hand, Nail, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A gross Hag:
And Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.
Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot do that Feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one Subject.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd Fancy) somthing savours
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.
Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his Follies,

Will never do him good, not one of you,
So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*
Leo. Thou (Traitor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.
Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
Lords. We can: my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her comming hither.
Leo. You're liars all.
Lord. Beseech your Highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech'
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul Issue. We all kneel.
Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it: let it live.
It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Mid-wife there,
To save this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To save this Brats life?

Antig. Anything (my Lord)
That my ability may undergo,
And Nobleness impose: at least thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the Innocent: any thing possible.
Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Mark, and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoin thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without more mercy) to it own protection,
And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in Justice charge thee,
On thy Souls peril, and thy Bodys torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it up.
Antig. I swear to do this: though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on (poor Babe)
Some powerful Spirit instruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Cruelty, fight on thy side
(Poor Thing, condemn'd to loss.) *Exit.*
Leo. No: I'll not rear
Anothers Issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please' your Highness, Posts
From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come

An hour since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th'Court.
Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath been beyond accompt.
Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The truth of this appear: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady: for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Climat's delicate, the Air most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
(Me thinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemn, and un-earthly
It was i'th'Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning Voice o'th'Oracle,
Kin to *Joves* Thunder, so surpris'd my Sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th'event o'th'Journey

Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turn all to th'best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione,*
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Business, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.
Officer. It is his Highness pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Read the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy Royal Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by Night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine Integrity
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I express it)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers Divine
Behold our human Actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than History can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moity of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, fore
Who please to come, and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief (which I would spare:) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent, I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of Honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of Kin
Cry fie upon my Grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Less Impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than Mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd:
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which, not to have done, I think had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a Language that I understand not:
My Life stands in the level of your Dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes,*
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it self,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our Justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bug which you would fright me with, I seek:
To me can Life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my Life (your Favour)
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Joy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My self on every Post
Proclaim'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed privilege deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th'open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honour,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Trial: that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here shall swear upon this Sword of Justice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Officer. Hermione *is chaste,* Polixenes *blameless,* Camillo *a true Subject,* Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heir, if that which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo.*

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. Ay (my Lord) even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:
The Sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Son, with mere conceit, and fear
Of the Queens speed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my Injustice. How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: Look down
And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd: she will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine Oracle.
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes,*
New woe my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Jealousies

To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend *Polixenes:* which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my Kingly Guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here
Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himself commended,
No richer than his Honour: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Piety
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, lest my heart (cracking it)
Break too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheels? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boiling?
In Leads, or Oils? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weak for Boys, too green and idle
For Girls of Nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: stark-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes,* 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful:) Nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* Honour,
To have him kill a King: poor Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crows, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is't directly laid to thee the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,
When I have said, cry woe: the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead: and vengeance for't
Not drop'd down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: I'll swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wer't.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bittrest.

Lord. Say no more;
How ere the business goes, you have made fault
I'th'boldness of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)

Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen (Lo, fool again)
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your Children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou did'st speak but well,
When most the truth: which I receive much better,
Than to be pittied of thee. Prithee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen, and Son,
One grave shall be for both: Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear (unto
Our shame perpetual) once a day, I'll visit
The Chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Shepherd, and Clown.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Deserts of *Bohemia.*

Mar. Ay (my Lord) and fear
We have Landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred will's be done: go get a-board,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-far i'th Land: 'tis like to be loud weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Antig. Go thou away,

I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'th business. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard (but not believ'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*
I prithee call't: For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks
She melted into Air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreams, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*) it should here be laid
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blossom, speed thee well,
There lie, and there thy charracter: there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)

And still rest thine. The storm begins, poor wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell,
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamour?
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Bear.*

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the between) but getting wenches with child, wronging the Ancientry, stealing, fighting, hark you now: would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheep, which I fear the Wolf will sooner find than the Maister; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of Ivy. Good-luck (and't be thy will) what have we here? Mercy on's, a Barn? A very pretty barn; A boy, or a Child I wonder? (A pretty one, a very pretty one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has been some stair-work, some Trunk-work, some behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor Thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hallow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the sky, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her main Mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'ld thrust a Cork into a hogshead. And then for the Land-service, to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them: and how the poor Gentleman roared, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Bear half din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee here boy. Now bless thy self: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: Look thee, a bearing-cloth for a Squires child: look thee here, take up, take up (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man: If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Fairy Gold boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, I'll go see if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'sight of him.

Clown. 'Marry will I: and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error,
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To use my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow Law, and in one self-born hour
To plant, and o'er-whelm Custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th'freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my Scene such growing
As you had slept between: *Leontes* leaving
Th'effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with speed so pace

To speak of *Perdita,* now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues
I list not prophesy: but let Times news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse, ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say.
He wishes earnestly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my Country: though I have (for the most part) been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so) which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee, thou having made me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal Country Sicillia, prithee speak no more, whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings are no less unhappy,

their issue, not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their Virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince: what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is less frequent to his Princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I fear) the Angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my sons resort thether. 'Prithee be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise ourselves. ***Exit***

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing.

When Daffadils begin to peer,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the year,
For the red blood raigns in the winters pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Lark, that tirra Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that (my dear)
the pale Moon shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and bear the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stocks avouch-it.

My Traffic is sheets: when the Kite builds, look to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Revenue is the silly Cheat. Gallows, and Knock, are too powerful on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me: For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every Leaven-weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the Cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let me see, what am

I to buy for our Sheep-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistress of the Feast, and she lays it on. She hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gays for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Means and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalms to horn-pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegs, seven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may beg: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off these rags: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alack poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me, more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this be a horsemans Coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poor soul.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I fear (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I have known to go about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Virtues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo. His vices you would say: there's no virtue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath been since an Ape-bearer, then a Process-server (a Bailiff) then he compast a Motion of the Prodigal son, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lies; and (having flown over many knavish professions) he settled only in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Fairs, and Bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true sir: he sir he: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia;* If you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheep-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the

sheerers prove sheep, let me be unrold, and my name put in the book of Virtue.

Song. *Jog-on, Jog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.

Flo. These your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do's give a life: no Shepherdess, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheep-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high self
The gracious mark o'th'Land, you have obscur'd
With a Swains wearing: and me (poor lowly Maid)
Most Goddess-like prank'd up: But that our Feasts
In every Mess, have folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd: sworn I think,
To shew my self a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-cross
Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now Jove afford you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear:) even now I tremble
To think your Father, by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,

Vildly bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves
(Humbling their Deities to love) have taken
The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the green Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-rob'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poor humble Swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations,
Were never for a piece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour: nor my Lusts
Burn hotter than my Faith.
Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'power of the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dear'st *Perdita,*
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee darken not
The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or I'll be thine (my Fair)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.
Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious.
Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Address your self to entertain them sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liv'd: upon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: serv'd all,
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here
At upper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostess of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your self
That which you are, Mistress o'th'Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on me
The Hostess-ship o'th'day: you're welcome sir.
Give me those Flow'rs there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keep
Seeming, and savour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flow'rs of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flow'rs o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rustic Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that Mean: so over that Art,
(Which you say adds to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Scion, to the wildest Stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it self, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.
Perd. I'll not put
The Dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twer well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for you:
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flow'rs
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grasing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing
Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst
I would I had some Flow'rs o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flow'rs now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Disses* Waggon: Daffadils,

That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Malady
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crown Imperial: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lack,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er, and oer.

Flo. What? like a Corse?

Perd. No, like a bank, for Love to lie, and play on:
Not like a Corse: or if: not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flours,
Me thinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak (Sweet)
I'ld have you do it ever: When you sing,
I'ld have you buy, and sell so: so give Alms,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so:
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crowns what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queens.

Perd. O *Doricles,*
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd
With wisdom, I might fear (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita:*) so Turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Perd. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-born Lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sord: Nothing she do's, or seems
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look on't: Good sooth she is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clo. Come on: strike up.

Dorcas. Mopsa must be your Mistress: marry Garlic to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike up.

Here a Daunce of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himself
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth: he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. O Master: if you did but hear the Pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: he sings several Tunes, faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down: or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloves: he has the prettiest Love-songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascal, would (as it were) mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the Matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm good man:* put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th'Rain-bow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'gross: Inckles, Caddisses, Cambricks, Lawns: why he sings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would think a Smock were a she-Angel, he so chaunts to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pri'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You have of these Pedlars, that have more in them, than youl'd think (Sister.)

Perd. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cypress black as e'er was Crow,

Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Lady's Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to give their dears:
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel.
What Maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you ptomis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope so sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I love a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a Usurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a Usurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Mist. *Tale-Porter,* and five or six honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see mo Ballads: We'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on wensday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you.

Autol. Five Justices hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you.

Song. *Get you hence, for I must go*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop *O whither?*

Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thither:*
Mop *Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou dost ill.*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut: *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou hast sworn my Love to be,*
Mop *Thou hast sworn it more to me.*
Then whither goest? Say whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our selves: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches I'll buy for you both: Pedlar let's have the first choice; folow me girls.

Aut: And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?*
My dainty Duck, my dear-a?
Any Silk, any Thred, any Toys for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't wear-a.
Come to the Pedlar, Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a. *Exit*

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away: We'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know (sir) we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray let's see these four-threes of Herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by th'squire.

Shep. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door Sir.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter:
Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tells much. How now (fair shepherd)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was youug,
And handed love, as you do; I was wont
To load my She with knacks: I would have ransackt
The Pedlars silken Treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seem)
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doves-down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th'Northern blasts, twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily th'youug Swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before? I have put you out,
But to your protestation: Let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy: were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever mans, I would not prize them
Without her Love; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speak
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor mean better
By th'pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th Virtue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contract us fore these Witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swain a-while, beseech you,
Have you a Father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,

Is at the Nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With Age, and altring Rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man, from man? Dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And again, do's nothing
But what he did, being childish?
Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons (my grave Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee let him.
Flo No, he must not.
Shep. Let him (my son) he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our Contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce (young sir)
Whom son I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook? Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
but shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know

The royal Fool thou cop'st with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratcht with briers and made
More homely than thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: (mark thou my words)
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churl, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Herdsman: yea him too,
That makes himself (but for our Honour therein)
Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rural Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Even here undone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your own state take care: This dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Not dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now

Some Hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone:
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do guess
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;
Then till the fury of his Highness settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it:
I think *Camillo.*

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twer known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancy, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I have reason:
If not, my senses better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfil my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia,* nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas, hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, as (in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let my self, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who here I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her need, I have
A Vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark *Perdita,*
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicillia,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo,*
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'th love
That I have borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd: It is my Fathers Music
To speak your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and setled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your Mistress; from the whom, I see
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your ruin: Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there present your self, and your fair Princess,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes;*
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Leontes opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Son forgiveness,

As 'twere i'th'Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his Kindness: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosom there,
And speak his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A Course more promising,
Than a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; most certain,
To Miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Perd. One of these is true:
I think Affliction may subdue the Cheek,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seven years
Be born another such.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,

She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th'rear 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seems a Mistress
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
I'll blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita.*
But O, the Thorns we stand upon: (*Camillo*)
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicilia.*

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Fool Honesty is? and Trust (his sworn brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold all my Trompery: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glass, Pomander, Brooch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shoe-tie, Bracelet, Horn-Ring, to keep my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembred. My Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Wenches Song, that he would not stir his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Herd to me, that all their other Senses stuck in Ears: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a Cod-piece of a Purse: I would have fill'd Keys of that hung in Chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song,

and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I pickd and cut most of their Festival Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Son, and scar'd my Choughs from the Chaff, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes?*

Cam. Shall satisfy your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Fear not (man)
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steal that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prithee despatch: the Gentleman is half sled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed I have had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistress (let my prophecy
Come home to ye:) you must retire your self
Into some Covert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it o'er your Brows, muffle your face,

Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy:
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita: what have we twain forgot?
'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall re-view *Sicilia;* for whose sight,
I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us:
Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other Senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of Iniquity (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heels:) if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brain: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay; but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sons pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to go about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your Blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let us to the King: there is that in this Farthel, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlars excrement. How now (Rustics) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th'Palace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affairs there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having? breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover?

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lie; you are rough, and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often give us (Soldiers) the Lie, but we pay them for it with stamped Coin, not stabbing Steel, therefore they do not give us the Lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receives not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baseness, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Business, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe;* and one that will either push-on, or pluck-back, thy Business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affair.

Shep. My Business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate ha'st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more Noble, in being fantastical: A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there? What's i'th'Farthel? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such Secrets in this Farthel and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th'speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and air himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Son, that should have married a Shepherds Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel, will break the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are German to him (though remov'd fifty times) shall all come under the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is necessary. An old Sheep-whistiing Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace? Some say he shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Son Sir (do you hear) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He ha's a Son: who shall be flayd alive, then 'nointed over with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a Brick-wall (the Sun looking with a South-ward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.) But what talk we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is man shall do it.

Clow. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse

to the out-side of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to undertake the Business for us, here is that Gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moity: Are you a party in this Business?

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Business is performed, and remain (as he says) your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the Seaside, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me: she drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to do the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement?) I will bring these two Moles, these blind-ones, aboard him, if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so far officious, for I am proof against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil,
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her, and her Virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my self: which was so much,
That Heir-less it hath made my Kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Sovereign Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highness fail of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for Royaltys repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the Bed of Majesty again
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Divine *Apollo* said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heir,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*
I know in honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel: then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queens full eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lips.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife: one worse,

And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Again possess her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appear) Soul-vext,
And begin, why to me?
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.
Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then Il'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, Stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no Wife;
I'll have no Wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be bless'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witness to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like *Hermione,* as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, I have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedy but you will: Give me the Office
To choose you a Queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queens Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina,*
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himself Prince *Florizell,*
Son of *Polixenes,* with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatness: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and sudden) tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Train?

Ser. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His Princess (say you) with him?

Ser. Ay: the most peerless piece of Earth, I think,
That ere the Sun shone bright on.

Paul. O *Hermione,*
As every present Time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that Theame: she had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam:
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeal
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth than any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Go *Cleomines,*

Your self (assisted with your honour'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us. *Exit.*

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of Children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. 'Prithee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royal Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very air) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair Princess (Goddess) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) do: and then I lost
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himself
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,

Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the Sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
Th'adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia.*
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Most Royal Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highness: My best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signify
Not onely my success in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arrival, and my Wifes, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Air, whilst you
Do Climate here: you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person
(So sacred as it is) I have done sin,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-less: and your Father's bless'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,

Might I a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his Son, who ha's
(His Dignity, and Duty both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* speak:

Lord. Here, in your City: I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seems,
Of this fair Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poor Father:
The Heaven sets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Stars (I see) will kiss the Valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.
Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemy,
Should chase us, with my Father; power no jot
Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.
Leo. Would he do so, I'ld beg your precious Mistress,
Which he counts but a Trifle.
Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Looks I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honour not o'er-thrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand
I now go toward him: therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazedness) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken delivery of the Business; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, Language in their very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th' importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more: The News, *Rogero.*

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This News (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Ha's the King found his Heir?

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is

such unity in the proofs. The Mantle of Queen *Hermiones:* her Jewel about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Majesty of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleness, which Nature shews above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Joy waded in tears. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loss, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness, then embraces his Son-in-Law: then again worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reigns.) I never heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's description to do it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus,* that carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a Bear: This avouches the Shepherds Son; who ha's not only his Innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepherd: so that all the Instruments which aided to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and

Sorrow was fought in *Paulina.* She had one Eye declin'd for the loss of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princess from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queens death (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveness wounded his Daughter, till (from one sign of dolour to another) she did (with an *Alas*) I would fain say, bleed Tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swownded, all sorrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had been universal.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princess hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano,* who (had he himself Eternity, and could put Breath into his Work) would beguile Nature of her Custom, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so near to *Hermione,* hath done *Hermione,* that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greediness of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione,* visited that removed House. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the Rejoicing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Access? every wink of an Eye, some new Grace will be born: our Absence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man

and his Son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepherd's Daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past mo Children: but thy Sons and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no Gentleman born. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no Gentleman born: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lie: do: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman born.

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the Kings Son took me by the hand, and call'd me Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princess (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so we wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live (Son) to shed many more.

Clow. Ay: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. 'Prythee Son do: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia.*

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clow. Not swear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boors and Franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false (Son?)

Clow. If it be ne'er so false, a true Gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his Friend: And I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. Ay, by any means prove a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queens Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good Masters. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina,* the great comfort
That I have had of thee?

Paul. What (Sovereign Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms) my poor House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina,*
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Excels what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shews-off
Your wonder: but yet speak, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something near?
Leo. Her natural Posture.
Chide me (dear Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione;* or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets go-by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soul. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majesty (warm Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone than it? Oh Royal Piece:
There's Magic in thy Majesty, which ha's
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis Superstition, that

I kneel, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Joy
Did ever so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.
Pol. Dear my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take-off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not have shew'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the Curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinks already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deem it breath'd: and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seems warm upon her Lip.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. I'll draw the Curtain:
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina,*
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No setled Senses of the World can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus far stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Do *Paulina:*
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordial comfort. Still me thinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine Chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her Lip, is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With Oily Painting: shall I draw the Curtain.
Leo. No: not these twenty years.
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that think it is unlawful Business
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvel: Come:
I'll fill your Grave up: stir: nay, come away:

Bequeath to Death your numbness: (for from him,
Dear Life redeems you) you perceive she stirs:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?

Leo. O she's warm:
If this be Magic, let it be an Art
Lawful as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while:
Please you to interpose (fair Madam) kneel,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods look down,
And from your sacred Viols pour your graces
Upon my daughters head: Tell me (mine own)
Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt hear that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My self, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire (upon this push) to trouble
Your joys, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

My Mate (that's never to be found again)
Lament, till I am lost.
Leo. O peace *Paulina:*
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made between's by Vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vain) said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo,*
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and here justified
By Us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law,
And Son unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina,*
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, young Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo. } *Four Lords of Sicillia.*
Antigonus. }
Cleomines. }
Dion. }
Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

FINIS.

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From the *Scotsman*, August 26, 1879.

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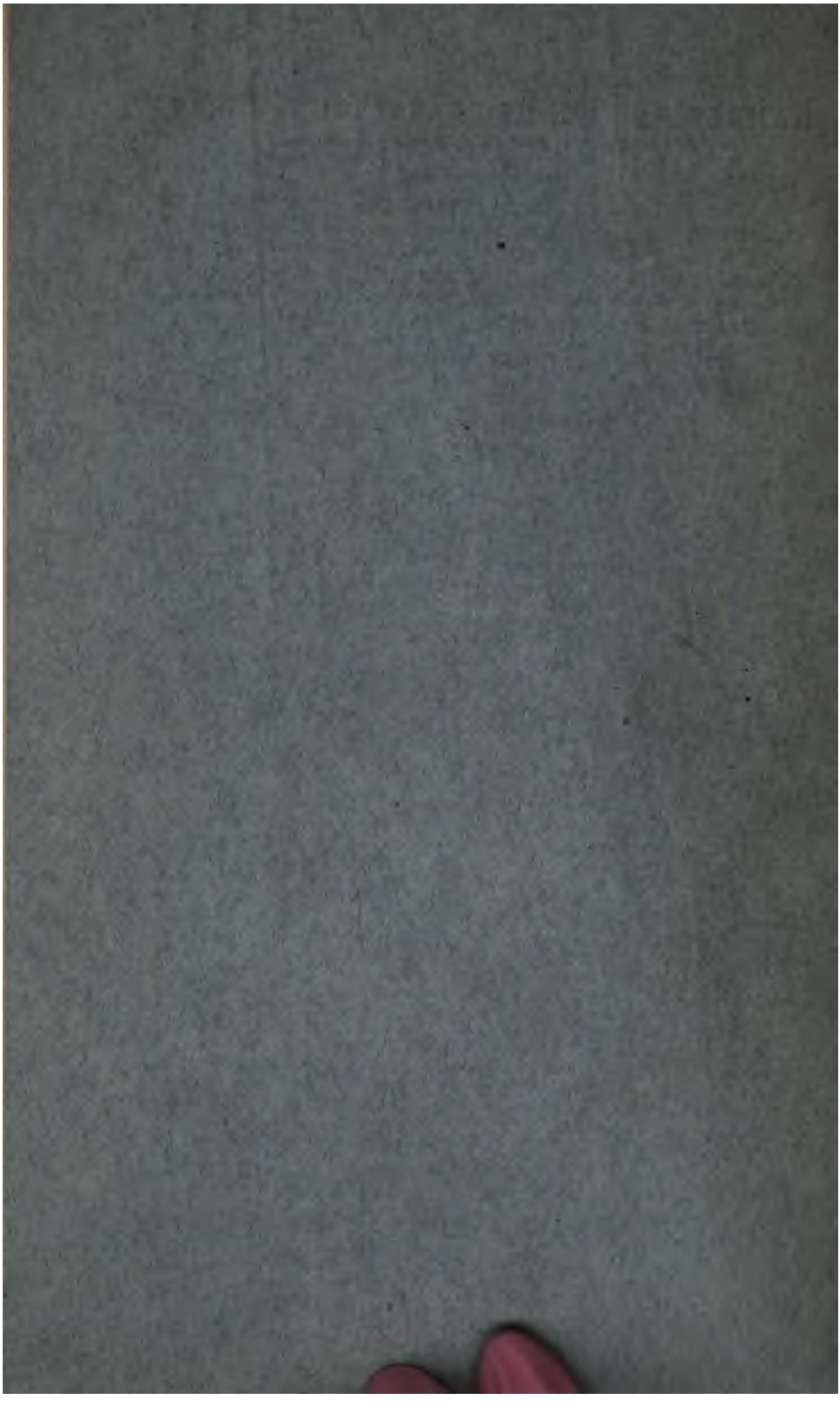

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